

The Grammarian



1986



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The
Halifax Grammar School
presents
The Twenty-Sixth Edition
of
The Grammarian
1986

Foreword

Considering that the completed foreword must be sent to the publishers early in the year, we can hardly be expected to follow the Grammarian tradition by elaborating upon the hard work we've done all year and on how we have enjoyed working with the rest of the Grammarian staff. For most of us the Grammarian requires no introduction, but for those who are just now encountering the great, green phenomenon - laugh with it now and reminisce with it in years to come ...

Munju Ravindra
Kersti Tacreiter

Assistant editors

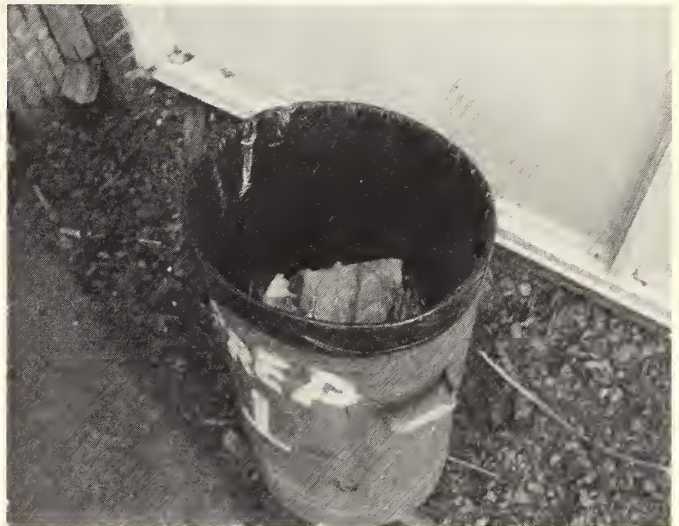


Dedication

Every year the Grammarian has been dedicated to a prominent person or persons that affect the life of HGS - but who ever thinks of the chalkboards and garbage cans taking daily abuse from students and teachers alike? We hereby dedicate the 1986 Grammarian to those inanimate objects which play such an important role in our daily school life.

Munju Ravindra
Kersti Tacreiter

Assistant editors



Headmaster's Message

These words are being written months ago. It is day three in the school year and Linda Barker just caught me in the upstairs corridor; then, not two minutes later, Jonathan Meretsky was waiting by my office door. "Headmaster's message, sir!"

"Already?" I muttered, wondering what could possibly be said so early in the year on this my eighth attempt to add something to the Grammarian. I have no idea of the eventual content of this 26th edition but I can assure you the editors evidently intend to get the job done on time. So, I am struck by their sense of responsibility. Far too often we are too concerned with our freedom, neglecting the responsibilities that must go with it. Increasing age is directly proportional to increasing responsibility or, to put it in non-mathematical language, the older you are, the more responsibility you have. I note with pleasure each year, as all of you take on responsibilities at the Grammar School, indeed how quickly you are growing up. The staff of the Grammarian are making the most of their opportunity to grow; so must we all.



Grammarian Staff



Back Row: John Cameron, Kersti Tacreiter, Michael Stephens, Linda Barker, Laura Hooper, Edward Rees.

Front Row: Holly McCurdy, Eric Block, Manju Ravindra, Tom McPhee, Susan Halebsky, Jonathan Meretsky, Peter Thomas (absent).

Linda Barker, Laura Hooper, Jonathan Meretsky and John Cameron:
Editors.

Manju Ravindra, Kersti Tacreiter, Holly McCurdy:
Assistant Editors.

Eric Block, Edward Rees:

Business Editors.

Susan Halebsky:
Literary Editor.

Thomas McPhee, Michael Stephens, Peter Thomas:
Photographers.

Staff

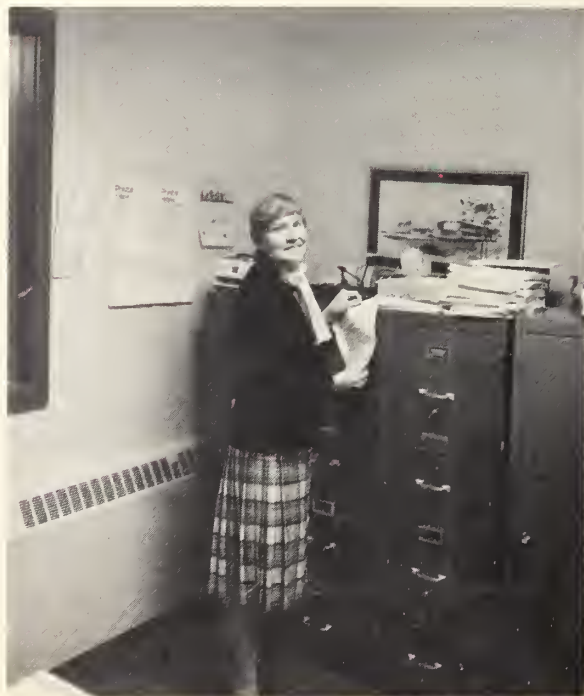


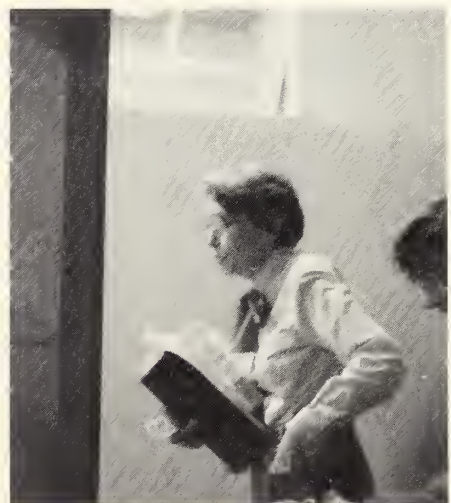
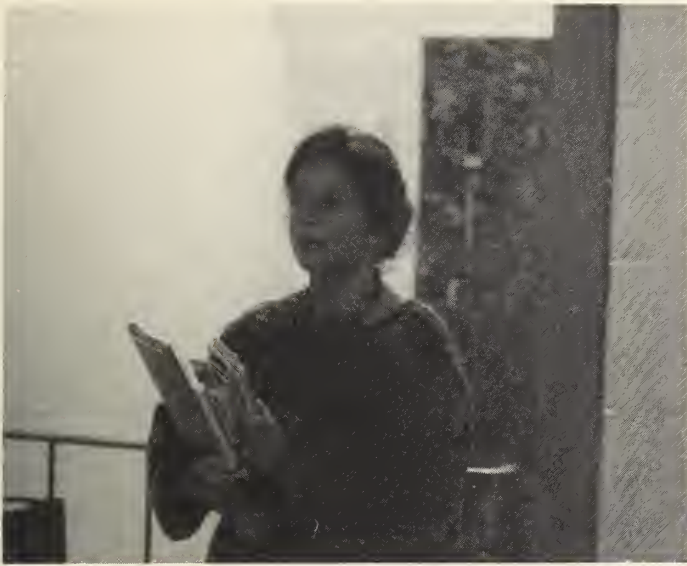
Back Row: Mrs. M. Gough, Mr. Lankaster, Mr. Gray, Miss Silver, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Aterman, Mrs. Meinertzhagen, Mrs. VonMaltzahn, Mrs. DeGrasse, Mrs. Scobbie, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Serebrin.

Front Row: Mrs. Chapman, Mme. Smith, Miss Daley, Mme. Henderson, Mrs. Simms, Mr. Montgomery, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Bridgehouse, Mr. Waldman, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Cruikshank.

Secretary

Mrs. Marjory Gough





HALIFAX GRAM

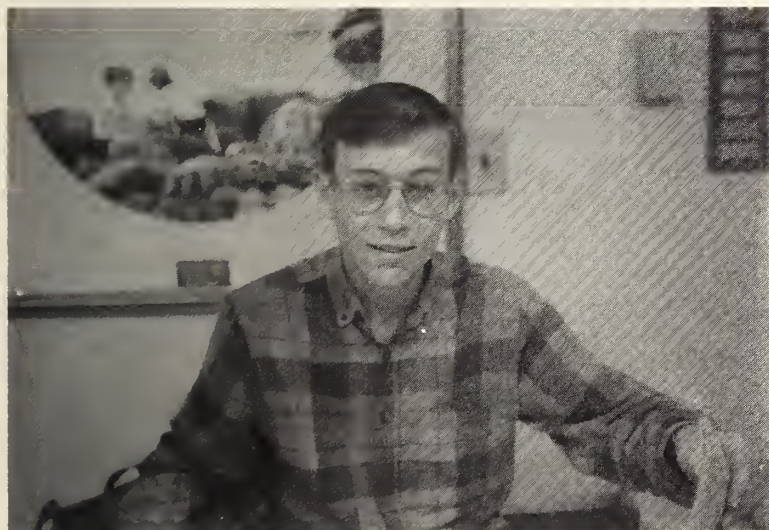




Graduates



of 1986



Roger Baskett

"Anyone who isn't confused here doesn't really understand what's going on."

-Anon.

Roger joined us at the beginning of Grade Seven. He very quickly proved himself to be an important addition to the volleyball, soccer and basketball teams at the junior level and has continued being an active member on these sports teams throughout his senior-high years. He also shows dedication to his responsibilities in maintaining a high academic standard throughout his stay here. His work on the 1985 Grammarian was especially appreciated. Other activities have included drama, Reach for the Top and Rugby - the last reflecting his lack of respect for his own body. Although Roger has not as yet, fulfilled his goals of doing a reverse dunk in basketball and high jumping twice his own height, he should leave this school pleased with his accomplishments. Good luck in the future.



Paul Bhattacharyya

"If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content with doubts, he shall end in certainties."

-Francis Bacon

The Advancement of learning

Paul came to H.G.S. in Grade Eight, and since has been an active member of the class. Although, usually at the back of the room and quiet, he frequently interjects a profound thought or witty joke. Living in Dartmouth for the last four years, his daily trek has been shortened greatly by his move to Tower Road. Paul enjoys playing Badminton, Tennis, and Volleyball, and is currently a spiker on the Volleyball team. Paul's hobbies include computers, cars and playing guitar. Interested in engineering and computer science he plans on attending Dalhousie in the Fall. Best of luck!

Didn't graduate





John Peter Beale

"I feel more like I do NOW than when I first came in."

-Jim McKenna - M.S.W.

Beale is rather hard to describe. He does not neatly fit into a mold. Instead he prefers to surprise us all. One might see Beale in an art gallery sipping champagne while his creations are selling at astronomical prices, or selling encyclopedias door to door. John's interests are as diverse as his abilities and his personality. Because of his broad range of interests Beale has contributed his time and effort to a great many areas in the school. His incredibly individual character somehow manages to blend with those around him, while at the same time he keeps his quick sense of humour catching everyone off guard; creating an atmosphere rarely experienced elsewhere. Whatever Beale intends on pursuing, his unique attitude will surely help him succeed.



Jay Ferguson

"Last night I shot an elephant in my pyjamas. How he got in my pyjamas, I don't know."

-Groucho Marx

Jay is the only member of the class who has earned the distinction of being with the class for twelve years. Jay's major interests though lie further away from school work. He is musically inclined and listens to everything from Hank Williams to the Meat Puppets. This interest is probably going to be instrumental in the achievement of one of his goals in life - to be a rock and roll star. He doesn't know what his other goals are. Jay also shows an interest in reading such authors as Flannery O'Connor, Jack Kerouac and the memoirs of Groucho Marx. Good luck to Jay in doing whatever it is he will be doing with the rest of his life.

David Gray

"Let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich."

-Samuel Johnson

David Gray and his beat box were an invaluable addition to the class. His original sense of humour, colorful personality, and capacity for bizarre noises are unforgettable. Dave has attended the school since Grade Nine, and, despite initial difficulties, soon became part of the class. He has proven himself in all aspects of school, demonstrating a strength of mind, body, and personality equalled by few.

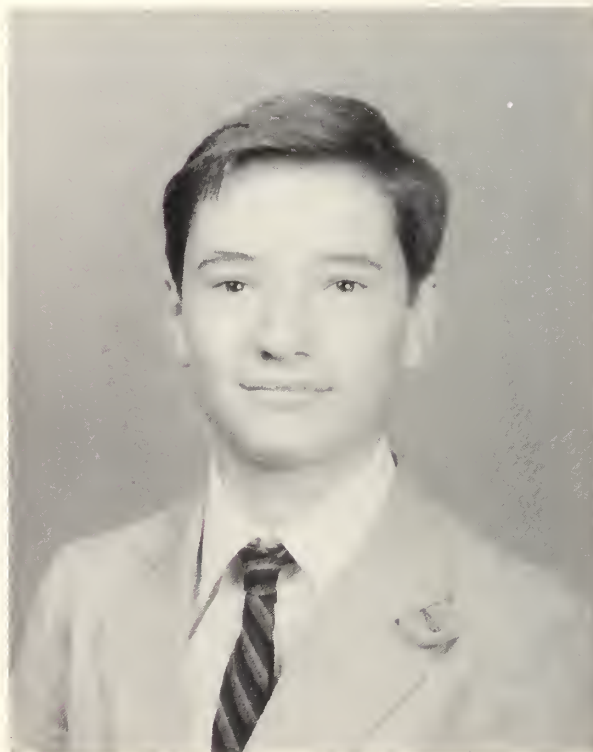


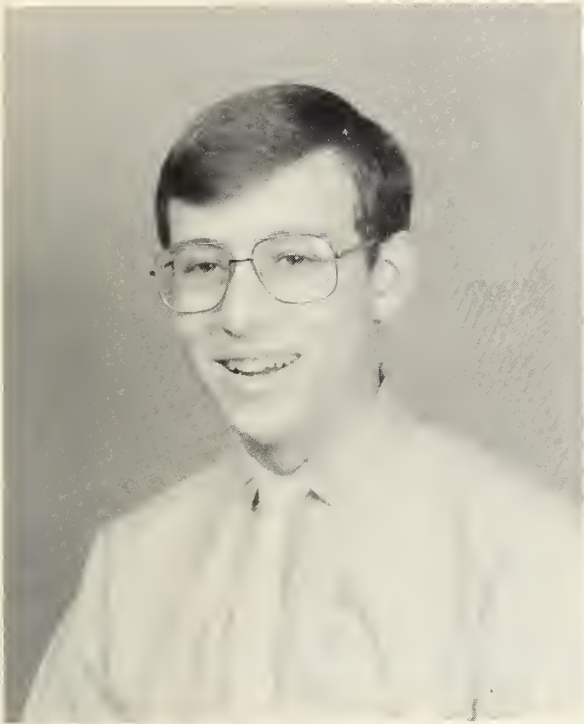
Walter Kemp

".. That which we are, we are / One equal temper of heroic hearts / Made weak by time and fate / but strong in will / To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

-from Ulysses by Tennyson

Walter is one of the more outstanding members of our class. He has been attending the School for nine years, during which he has participated in nearly all available activities ranging from Choir and Drama to Fencing and Rugby. He excels in most especially in Fencing, consistently managing to place well, both in provincial and national competitions. His ability in class has always earned him high grades and the respect of friends and peers. His sharp, biting wit and his never ending good humour will be greatly missed by all. Good luck in the future Walter. We know you'll succeed in whatever you try.





Paul Lalonde

"The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be a friend"

-Emerson

The future of the navy may very well rest in the hands of Paul Lalonde. Paul came to H.G.S. in Grade Ten and we were instantly amazed, annoyed or embarrassed by his proficiency in the French language. During his three years at this school, Paul ran for treasurer of the student council and excelled at programming computers in the computer science course and the computer club. Outside school, he spent three years in the sea cadets and programmed computers this past summer at Dalhousie University earning lots of cash with which he hopes to buy a word processor. Back in school, Paul's favorite subjects are Physics, Math and Calculus. After graduating, Paul plans to attend Abjan University on the Ivory Coast in Africa. Upon returning to Canada he hopes to further his studies at either Dalhousie, University of Toronto or McGill to study Robotics or computer systems design. Good luck, Paul in your endeavors naval or otherwise.



Neil McCulloch

"People who like this sort of thing will find this the sort of thing that they like."

-A. Lincoln

Since Neil came to the school in Grade Five he has been a key member of our class and of every conceivable sports team. Just a few of his accomplishments include captaining one of our strongest U 13 sides ever, and being setter for the Metro "A" Boys' Junior High Volleyball winners in 1982. Neil has gone on to captain the senior soccer team and has set a fine standard with his lead-by-example approach to sports. Neil or "Squeak" as he is sometimes called, will also be remembered as a cornerstone of our class and a friend to all. Armed with his ambition for God-knows-what, (medicine, accounting, soccer, the women of the world) we are sure Neil will be as successful as he has been at school. Remember Neil "A closed mouth gathers no feet." Good luck, we're sure you'll find what you want.

Thomas L. McPhee

"From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs."

-Karl Marx

When not roaming the halls, Tom's buttndown figure can be seen in homeroom eating his lunch. Although his driving skills have been frequently questioned, his willingness to help out in times of crisis, like on trips to McDonald's has been invaluable. Tom's jovial attitude and general helpfulness is also appreciated during Open House, Graduation and other school proceedings. Whether he will be a race car driver, restaurateur or tennis star we wish Tom the best of luck in the future.

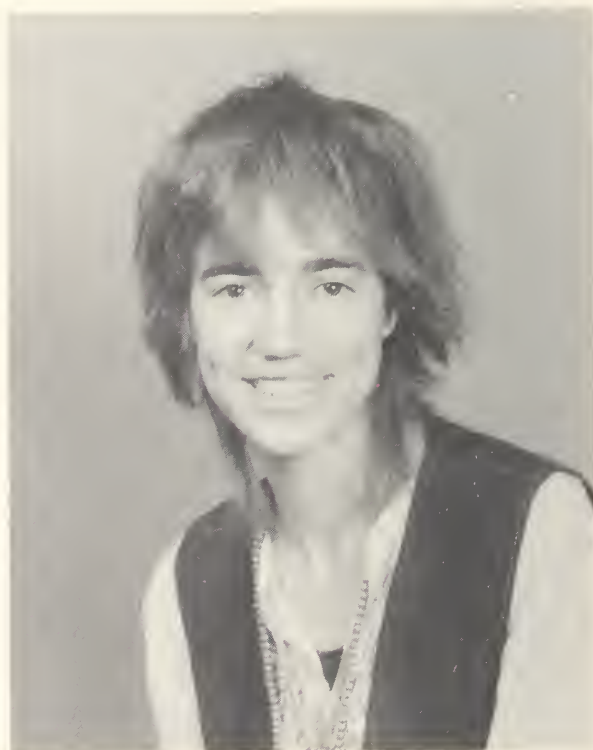


Johanna Steffen

"In vino veritas"

-Johanna Steffen

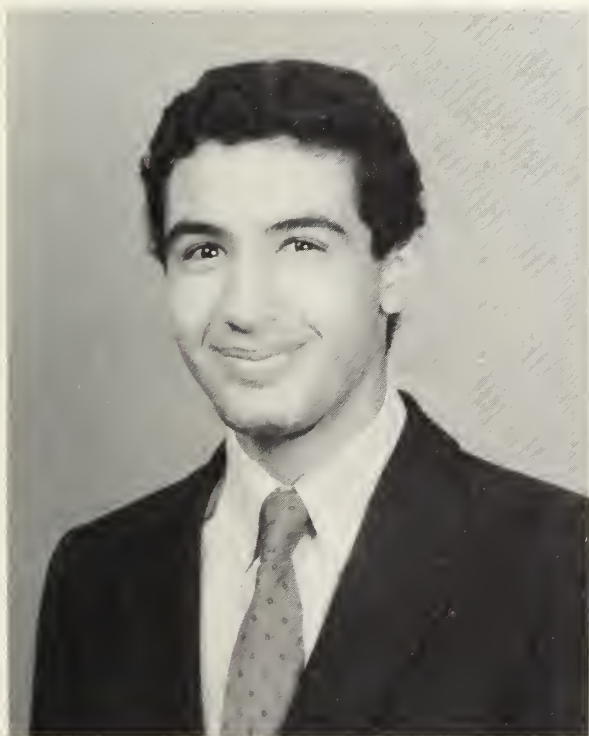
Johanna came to the school in Grade Six and since then has established herself as the class artist, humanitarian and philosopher. Quick to agree with any anti-capitalist statement, she is renowned for the conviction with which she upholds an opinion. Johanna is also well known for her non-conformist habits, but no one in their right mind would hold it against her in light of the marks she achieves. She is definitely one of the more colorful members of the class. She will be sorely missed, if not least by the teachers who will no longer enjoy her brilliant essay writing skills. Best of luck in whatever you may pursue, Johanna.





Chris Robertson

Ever since he came here in Grade Ten, Chris has been at the top of the Math class, trying to outwit the teacher and often succeeding. Teachers have often had to tell him that he cannot use his self-discovered unusual methods of proving some formula or of applying another because they were on too high a level. Chris also excels in Chemistry and Physics where, again, his brilliant ideas have confused other students and even the teacher on occasion. Of course he has often had to pay for his ability as we have always asked him for help with our homework. But science and Math aren't Chris's only strong points. He is also quite talented in art, where his interest in math comes out in his paintings, demonstrating clarity, realism, or dependence on an arrangement of lines. Chris plans to travel in Europe and then attend university where he will study, as is to be expected, math and the sciences.



Peter Thomas

"I agree with no man's opinions. I have some of my own."
-Ivan Turgenev

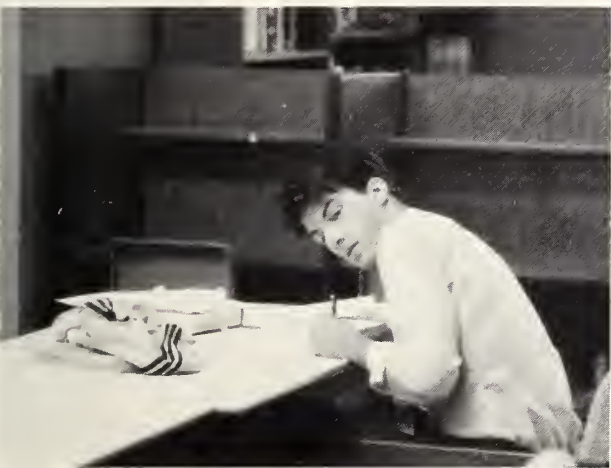
Peter Thomas is a name one can expect to see in a scientific journal heading an article on his latest breakthrough. He is the most rational and logical, hardworking student in our class, but even we have learned to live with him. His inquisitive manner sometimes proves to be irritating - he always has one more small question to ask which always happens to be lengthy, confusing and complicated. This isn't to say he doesn't know what's going on but that he often confuses others. We have a feeling Peter will go far. Putting one's mind to any problem at hand with determination and energy is the key to survival and Peter's got it.

George Wangersky

"The fool quotes himself, and thinks it witty"
-George Wangersky

Since George came to us in Grade Seven he has exhibited a keen sense of mathematical wizardry and off-beat humour. He enjoys a sound logical debate or toiling through a difficult math problem as well as hiding behind doorways or in lockers. He also enjoys visiting the art room, writing Plato's quote of the day and doing well on science tests. George plays an active role in Youth Parliament and has valiantly striven many a time to join the ranks of Student Council. He has been successful in numerous math competitions and most recently placed very well in the Scholastic Achievement Test. George's presence will be missed throughout the school.





Upper Five and Six



Canoe Trip







Prep School



Primary



Back Row: Meg Pooley, Victoria Reid, Matthew Brannon, Kenzie MacDonald, Zavin Nazaretian, Gillian Parker, John Beauchamp, Mrs. Thompson
Front Row: Jeremy Ehrlich, Laura Costello, Evan Petley-Jones, Danny Roscoe, Katie Lo, Marc Reardon, Michael McCormack, Andrew Muncaster, Joshua Ewing, Toby Stoltz

MATTHEW GILLIAN
 MARC KATIE ~~MAT~~ MICHAEL
 John Beauchamp
 EVAN Kenzie
 ZAVIN TOBY MEG
 DANNY
 VICTORIA
 ANDREW
 E
 LAURA W
 JEREMY

Prep 1



Back Row: Jennifer Chetwynd, Andrea Miller, Tara Waldman, Jennifer Gray, Jamie Mayo, Erika Wilson, Mark Sullivan, Meredith Murphy, Nicola Goudy, Peter Lawrence, Daniel Franklin
Front Row: Deborah Lief, Kevin Moore, Kimberly Lawrence, David Totten, Ian Caines, Andrew Oland, Daniel Oore, Joseph Rosenberg, Jason Baillie, Mark Henderson, Alicia Miller

Why I like school:

Jason- because I like learning about elephants.
Ian- because we learn all kinds of things.
Jennifer C.- because I like reading THE GINGERBREAD BOY.
Daniel F.- because I like going on a bear hunt!
Nicola- because you can learn about bears.
Jennifer G.- because school is exciting.
Mark H.- because we make lots of friends.
Kimberly- because you can learn things.
Peter- because you can write words.
Jamie- because I like painting pictures.
Alicia- because I like writing letters to other people.
Andrea- because I have a nice teacher.
Kevin- because I like French.
Meredith- because I like music.
Andrew- because I like playing with the other kids.
Daniel O.- because we have gym.
Joseph- because I like Math.
Mark S.- because I like playing on the adventure playground.
David- because I like uninterrupted sustained silent reading.
Tara- because we get treats.
Erika- because I like learning about everything.
Deborah- because we make things.

Prep 2



Back Row: Peter Brannon, Robbie Cameron, David Lankester, Billy Nikolaou, Ryan Blades, Scott McCormack, Adrian Neuman, Chris Coxon, Sean MacLure, Emma Townsend-Gault, Mara Green, Aylin Alemdar, Liza Piper

Front Row: Mrs. Lewis, John Belliveau, Ian Smith, Matthew Harper, Georgina Mastrapis, Marcy Laing, Joanna Trager, Alexander Wilson, Julie Henderson, Jennifer DeGrasse, Suzannah Robertson, Genevieve Bain, Emily Thompson, Alice MacLachlan

If I were headmaster I would ...

Aylin- give everyone money and then say, "Go home"
Genevieve- make a farm at the back of the school.
John- make a playground tire for all the people in the school.
Ryan- take the kids to the Public Gardens.
Peter- have my Panther soccer team play for the Halifax Grammar School.
Robbie- I would make the Eagle's Perch into a snow hill so we could slide down.
Chris- make a hockey team.
Jennifer- make words for the class to use.
Mara- get a computer in Grade Two.
Matthew- do whatever I want.
Julie- make a place to do archery.
Marcy- put a microwave in every classroom.
David- build a hockey rink.
Alice- let the children have recess for an hour every time.
Sean- make a skating rink.
Georgina- make more bars for the playground.
Scott- build a waterslide from the CN tower.
Adrian- build a machine to make you learn everything in one day.
Billy- make the playground bigger.
Liza- put all the books in the world in the school.
Suzannah- put a big swimming pool with a waterslide and a waterfall.
Ian- make an ocean and put boats and fish.
Emily- like to build a swimming pool.
Joanne- make Ziggy Headmaster.
Alexander- take out the playground and put in a zoo.

Prep 3



Back Row: Craig Silverman, Mete Erdogan, Jenny Aldrich, Molly Grindley, Eriskay Liston, Jennifer Franklin, Bradley McCallum, Andrew Barker, William Landymore

Front Row: Mrs. Murray, Colin MacDonald, Michael Tucker, Andrew McFarlane, Kate Perry, Martha Lawrence, Hannah Blades, David Rapson, Martin Laycock, John Caleb Threadcraft

What this school needs is ...

Craig- electric skateboards for the kids.

Colin- a pool and a candy store.

Hannah- five more tires.

Mete- a bigger field.

Kate- really nice teachers who don't mark your work wrong.

Marty- Disney World.

Andrew M.- a canteen and an automatic back scratcher.

John Caleb- friends.

Jennifer A.- lots more tires and a roller skate store.

Molly- more books.

Jennifer F.- no boys.

Martha- an indoor swimming pool.

Michael- a football field.

Andrew B.- skateboards, no girls and more friends.

David- paychecks everyday for the boys and free chocolate bars.

William- a toy store, sun room and ball room.

Eriskay- a horse in the back field.

Brad- for every boy to have a nice girl friend like Eriskay.

Prep 4



Back Row: Lizzie Oore, Natalie Vladi, Harold Roscoe, Geoffrey Clifford, Drum Woodside, Jeffrey Parker, Tony Barresi, Geoffrey Archibald, Martha Casey, Jason Bigio, Joshua Threadcraft, Ata Erdogan, Nat Pearre

Front Row: Jessica Lief, Matthew Blouin, Andrea Sheridan, Mary Kate Arnold, Tova Rosenberg, Jamie Stoltz, Anne Totten, Christine Hollett, Paul Murphy, James Dodds, Tera Hurst, Emma Penick, Tina Piper

If I could be anybody for a day I would be ...

Geoffrey- James Bond- I'd have a lot of clever gadgets.

Mary Kate- my mother, because I think it's easier to be an adult.

Tony- Jason King, because he was the boss of the class.

Jason- Corey Hart.

Matthew- a movie star.

Martha- Me, because my life is perfect.

James- an astronaut, because I would like to go up in space.

Ata- Matt Houston, the detective.

Christine- Madonna, because I like her singing.

Tera- a puppy, because I could curl up by the fire.

Jessica- a star floating in the sky. It would be relaxing, and I wouldn't have to worry about anything.

Paul- Brian Mulroney, the Prime Minister.

Lizzie- I don't want to be anyone else!

Jeffrey- an inventor, so that I could invent a time machine.

Nathaniel- Me, because I like myself.

Emma- Mom or Dad, because I'd like to be a very good lawyer.

Tina- my Mom, so that I could teach a class at university.

Harold- I would stay me, Harold!

Tova- a dancer.

Andrea- I would stay myself because I like my life as it is.

Jamie- Mr. Montgomery. I'd like to turn the school into a junkyard and retire!

Joshua- Remington Steele, the detective.

Anne- a wild horse on Sable Island that was gold and white, because I love animals.

Natalie- I would be myself.

Drum- a Go Bot because then I would never die.

Geoffrey C.- Vincent Price because I like horror movies.

Prep 5



Back Row: Kerry Alemdar, Matthew Thompson, Douglas Penick, Brent MacDonald, Aaron Dickson, Matthew Archibald, James Liston, Joachim Steffen, Graham Aldrich, Gabrielle Bain, Meghan Dorward, Laura Waters, Allyson Franklin, Mr. Serebrin

Front Row: Tricia Joyce, Sarah Whitehead, Kristen Matthews, Lesley Jackson, Andrew McFarlane, Matthew Thompson, Trudi Miller, Joy Laing, Katy Grindley, Beth Pyesmany, Jill Byrne, Bessy Nikolaou, Kendal Vogan

What this class needs is ...

Kerry- more room so people can get past.
Graham- a daily allowance of two dollars!
Matthew A.- more desks.
Gabrielle- more games.
Gillian- a ghetto blaster.
Aaron- a longer art period, because we only have forty-five minutes and we should have an hour and a half, and a hockey team because we already have a rugby team.
Meghan- a publishing company.
Allyson- more math whiz kids.
Kate- a kitten and we could take the kitten home after school.
Lesley- an automatic clean-your-locker device.
Tricia- more Mr. Serebrins (and more jokes).
Joy- another computer.
James "Sonny"- a swimming pool and a free trip for twenty-six to the Bahamas.
Brent- another computer and a big bottle of Frogscottle.
Kristen- its own private stable.
Trudi- a donation of \$1000 for our trip to Louisbourg.
David- an instant writing machine.
Bessy- more fun and less work.
Douglas- a monkey and more room.
Beth- computers that can do your homework.
Joachim- a machine which makes all the boys the smartest boys in the world.
Matthew E.- a new soccer ball.
Matthew D.- more books.
Kendal- more gym time!
Laura- more read aloud and reading time.
Sarah- a class pet.

Prep 6



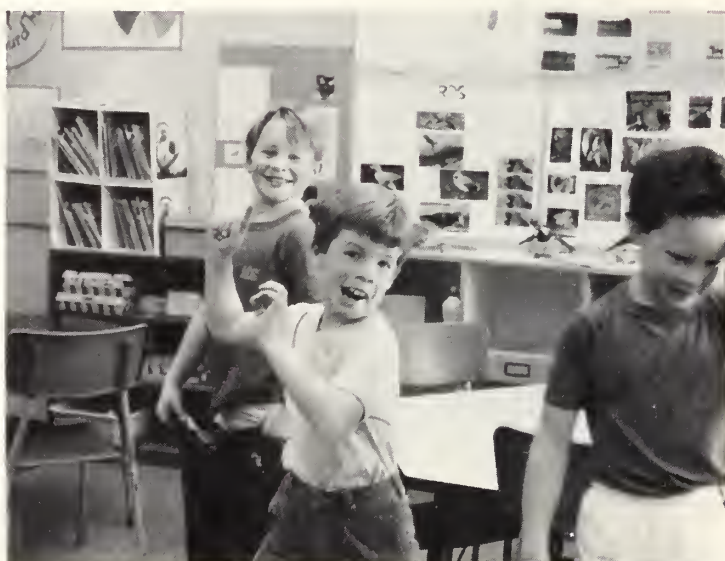
Back Row: Mr. Lankester, Troy Holness, Leif Englund, Gray Miles, Chris Williams, John Rice, Michael McDougall, Warren Auld, Ben Pearre, Tom Sheridan, Trevor Greenwood, Lars Mitchell, Arun Goomar, Richard Simmons

Front Row: Imogen Hall, Rachel Jones, Heather Rapson, Judy Halebsky, Emma Haggart, Corey Matthews, Anne Wylie Roberts Beale, Kathleen Murphy, Jennifer Silverman, Mathias Michalon Flikeid, Aaron Hurst, Nicholas Graham

When I get to the Upper School, I want to:

Warren- go to the store every day at lunch.
Lief- take my bike to school every day.
Arun- be the smartest in the class.
Nicholas- go to the store for lunch and pig out.
Trevor- go to the store and buy a million things.
Emma- go wild!
Judy- do well but have fun!
Troy- get off the school grounds at lunch!
Imogen- bug Rob Plowman! (joke!)
Aaron- go off the school yard.
Rachel- not have very much homework (he! he!)!
Corey- who knows?
Michael- go crazy!
Mathias- learn a lot of languages.
Gray- go on the canoe trips.
Lars- bug the little kids!
Ben- party!
Kathleen- bug the Prep School!
Ben P.- mutiny on the teachers and have a party!
Heather- do well!
John- drive the teachers around the bend!
Ann- have fun!
Tom- use the computers.
Jenny- try to survive!
Richard- achieve good grades (he! he!)
Chris- grade well.







Upper School



Upper One

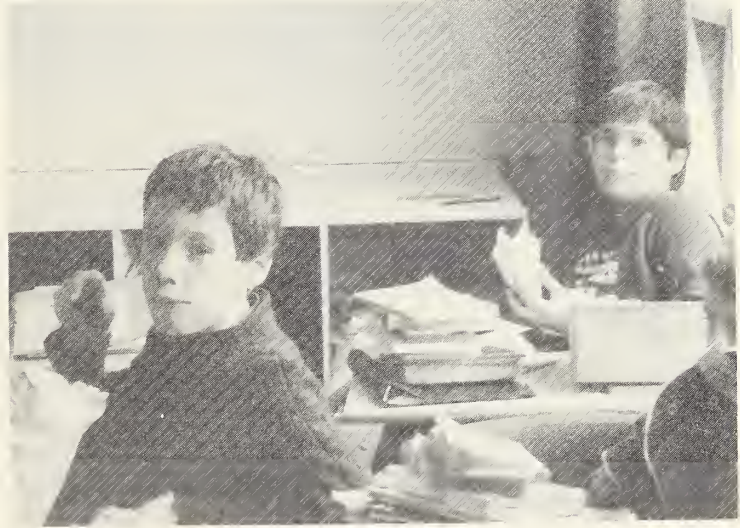
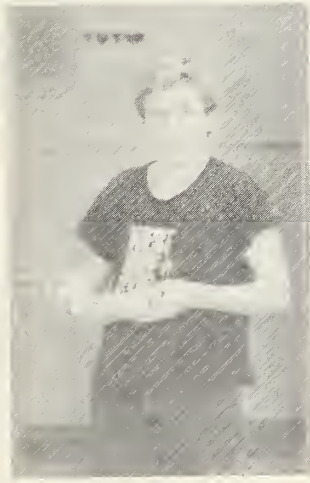


Back Row: Nate Dorward, Kabir Ravindra, Chris Simmons, Zareen Ahmad, Melissa Caines, Janie Gould, Amy Block, Nora Pysemany, Jennifer Archibald, Allison Cooper, Amy Burns, Jessica Andrews, Lawrence Nwaesi, Sophie Spiropoulos.

Front Row: Luke Merrimen, Daniel Byrne, Paul Simms, Andrew Sacamano, Andy Kim, Maggie Arnold, Athanasios Kartsaklis, Beverly Williams, Ariz David, Paul Baskett, Christina Horne, Sean Kirby.

This class wouldn't be the same without ...

Zareen's- unlimited shoe supply.
Jessica's- fluent French.
Jennifer's- colour-coordination.
Maggie's- great, booming voice.
Paul B.'s- perfect height for reaching his desk.
Amy Block's- love for her brother.
Amy Burns'- "Don't tell anyone but ..."
Daniel's- glowing toys.
Melissa's- horse-like hair cuts.
Allison's- notorious laughing spells.
Ariz's- obsession for pink alligators.
Nate's- prehistoric tendencies.
Janie's- open love for Pee Wee Herman and cows.
Christina's- frog legs.
Athanasios's- hair gel that never dries.
Andy's- favorite word (huh!)
Sean's- keen red suspenders.
Luke's- yoga classes.
Lawrence's- friendly Russian smile.
Nora's- outstanding freckle.
Kabir's- endless finger sucking.
Andrew's- eloquence.
Chris's- deluxe lunch bag.
Paul S.'s- historian's mind.
Sophie's- Crystal Gayle look.
Beverly's- naturally curly hair.



Upper Two

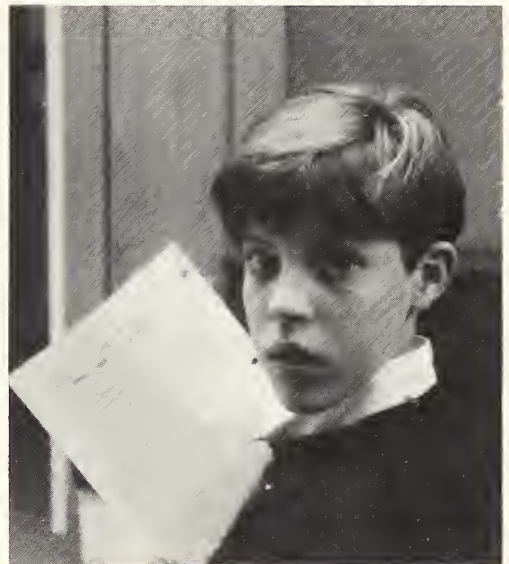


Back Row: Jean Grindley, Sally Nanton, Toni Fried, Malve Petersmann, Arthur Davis, Brian Audain, Susie Abbot, Michael Cowie, Mark McCallum, Michael Barker, Matthew O'Dor.

Front Row: Andrew Jackson, Nick Imrie, Suzanne Godsoe, Kelly Murphy, Chris Stairs, Andrew Williams, George Nikolaou, Asim Wali, Kelcey Parker, Drummond Vogan, Chris Lancaster, Daniel Thompson, Daniel Holland.

We the class of Upper 2 will be remembered for ...

Susie's- laugh.
 Brian's- wise cracks.
 Michael B.'s- haircut.
 Michael C.'s- Doctor Who.
 Arthur's- height.
 Toni's- seriousness.
 Suzanne's- neatness.
 Jean's- perfection.
 Daniel's- French.
 Nick's- mischief.
 Andrew J.'s- talk of logical things.
 Chris's- sports.
 Mark's- lunches.
 Tami's- contacts.
 Kelly's- "Does anybody have some money?"
 Sally's- gymnastic abilities.
 Sarah's- "Hi, you guys!"
 George's- ????
 Matthew's- fair hair.
 Kelcey's- skateboard.
 Malve's- long legs.
 Chris S.'s- questions.
 Daniel T.'s- Sally man.
 Drummond's- braces.
 Asim's- Wulla, Wulla, Wulla, etc.
 Andrew W.'s- brains.
 Mrs. Scobbie's- bark.



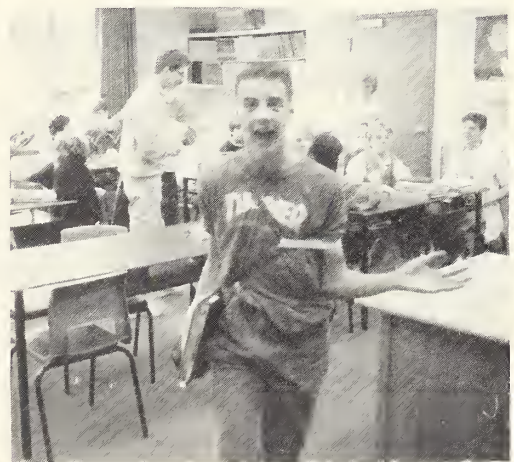
Upper Three



Back Row: Jen Trebert, JoAnna Murphy, Jason Holt, Billy Said, Jonathan Cook, Mishko Hansen, Jean-Paul Bewers, Bobby Carter, Felix Batcup, Michael Risle, Grant Wong, Steven Oore, John Gould.
Front Row: Jennifer Smith, Allison Fairhurst, Laurie Blank, Stephanie Cooper, Hugh Thompson, Michael Kiang, Gillian Mann, Paula Hopkins, Clare Roscoe, Karen Thomas, Andrea McCulloch, Elaina Bhattacharyya.

This class wouldn't be the same without ...

Felix's- general swellness.
Jean-Paul's- posture.
Elaina's- traffic-wise taste in clothing.
Laurie's- two-tone hair.
Bob's- formidable English.
Jonathan's- snappy clothing and colourful hair.
Stephanie's- endless cheerfulness and love for school work.
John's- invisibility.
Allison's- immediate need to drop the Weight Watcher Diet Plan.
Kevin's- trademarked Hugh Puppies, and charm.
John's- way with words, and grin.
Mishko's- hair combing skills.
Jason's- G.I. Joe mannerisms.
Paula's- inability to simmer down unless she must read aloud.
Michael K.'s- desire to quit school and hang out in pinball arcades.
Gillian's- immortality.
Andrea's- red afro.
Joanne's- lack of hate for horses.
Steve's- spur of the moment sequels to the adventures of Odysseus.
Michael R.'s- Squid Cove dialect.
Clare's- ability to turn abnormally red during laughing seizures.
Billy's limited variety of track pants.
Jen Trabert's- preference of Sting concerts over school.
Jennifer S.'s- need for two things of milk to wash down her alphaghetts at lunchtime.
Karen's- California T-shirt.
Hugh's- machismo.
Grant's- capability to make his presence known.



Upper Four



Back Row: Rosemary Michalski, Al Davis, Bridget Byrne, Mark Wathen, Colin Audain, Michael Stephens, Eric Block, Tammy Snarby, Holly McCurdy, Troy Dolomont, Matthew Oland, Danny Rees.
Front Row: Rob Plowman, Claude Robillard, Victor Bigio, Matthew O'Halloran, Heidi Stanish, Cathy Novac, Carmen MacInnis, Kersti Tacreiter, Munju Ravindra, Julia Gaede, Alison Murray.

We the class of Upper 4, being of sound mind and body hereby leave to ...

Colin- the first ever motorized skateboard.
Victor- a shirt saying "I'm vanilla" or "I'm the foam of Ivory Snow detergent".
Eric- an antihomophobic injection.
Bridget- GQ magazine from the library.
Al- a fish.
Troy- more "Playboy" action wear.
Julia- a cowboy.
Leesa- some more dares for Heidi.
Michelle- a sober hairdresser.
Carmen- chemical "health" food.
Holly- another rugby shirt from "Binnacle".
Rosemary- a larger set of braces.
Alison- hair, gas and matches.
Cathy- butter and meat on white bread.
Matthew O'H.- bisexual freaks with "extra weird" dreams.
Matthew O.- a girl with red hair, right Cathy?
Robert- an encyclopaedia.
Munju- the silent scholar.
Danny- true "laidbackness".
Claude- a finder binder and a "feathered" hairstyle.
Miles- hair gel, and the true ideology behind Heavymetal.
Tammy- subscription to the "eyeshadow of the month" club, and Tom.
Heidi- more dares to give Leesa.
Michael- a book on Alison's sex life.
Kersti- the use of sound.
Mark- a Hercules power ring.



Upper Five

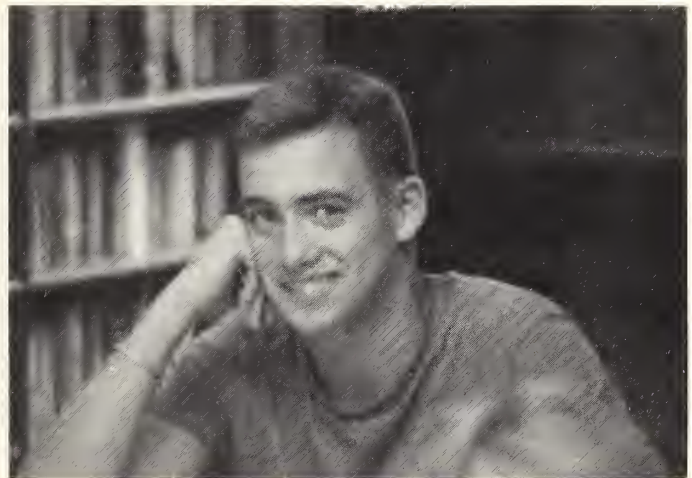
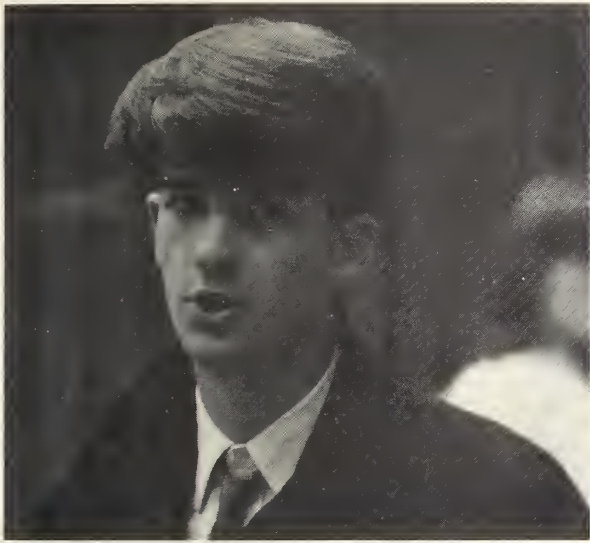


Back Row: Mike Hopkins, Roger Porter, Patrick Oland, Hilary Atherton, Ken Schwartz, D'arcy Byrne, Linda Barker, Jonathan Meretsky.

Front Row: David Robertson, John Cameron, Colin Bernard, Susan Halebsky, Edward Rees, Laura Hooper, Andre Belcourt, Gavin Murphy.

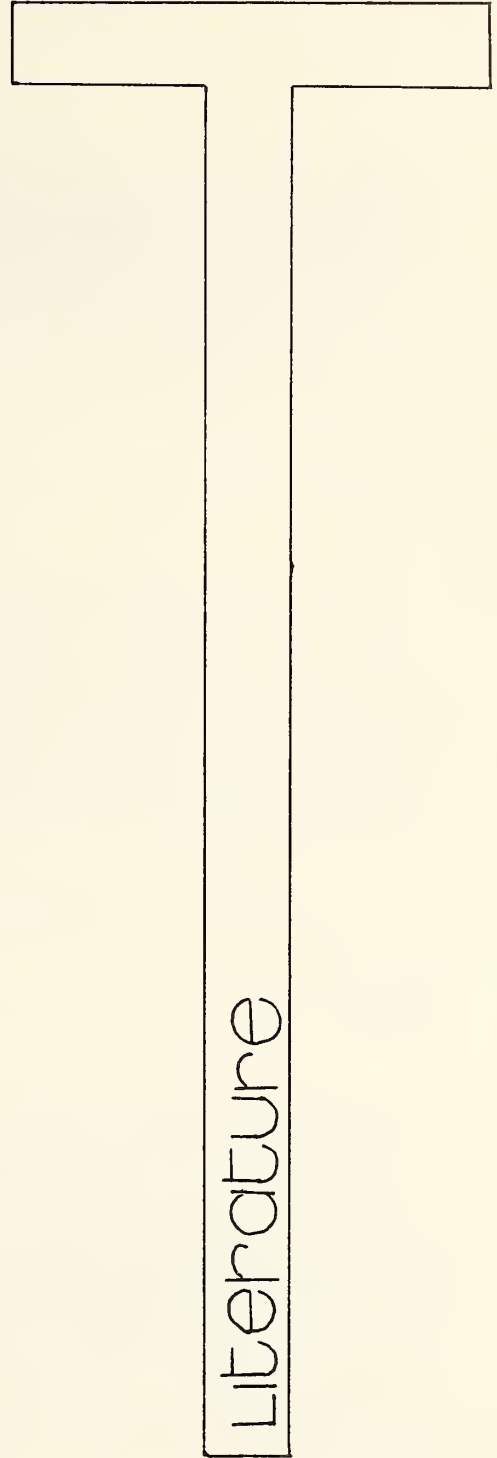
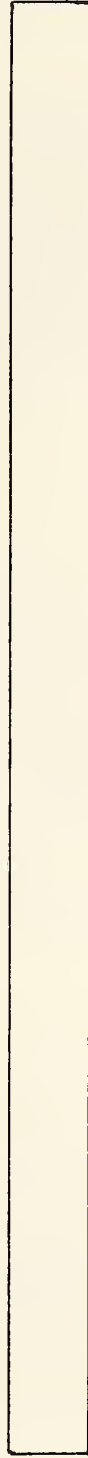
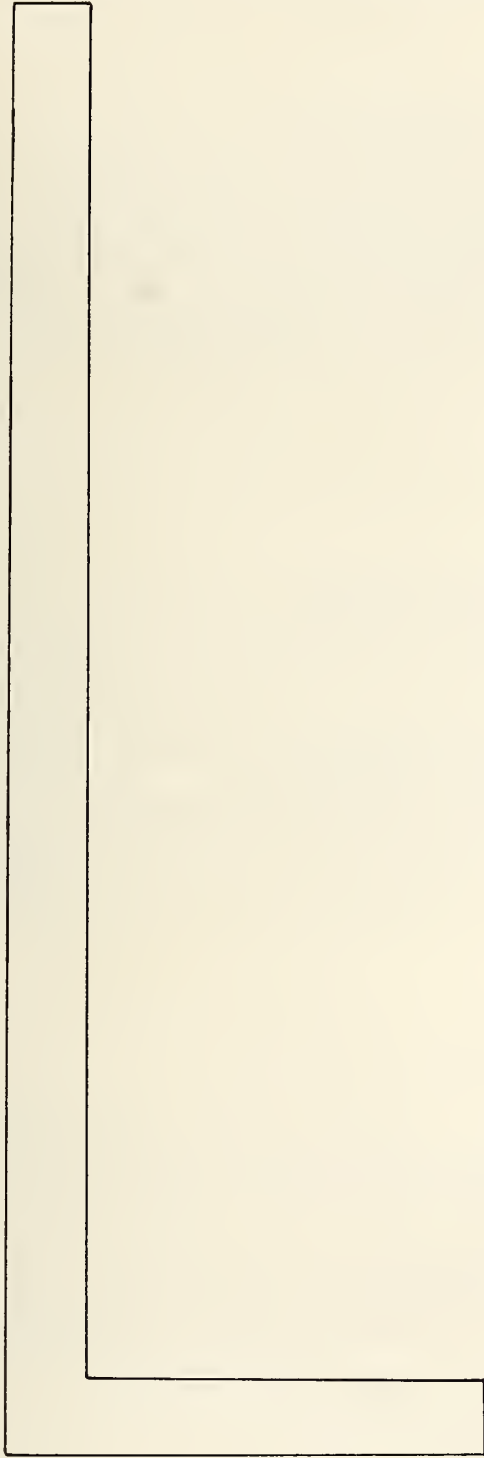
We leave ...

Hilary- a lightbulb.
 Linda- a male university grad.
 Colin- a wine and dine with Rita (complimentary).
 Dave- triple stitch toughskins and pro-tips manual.
 Ken- gift certificate valid to any secondhand store in the Metro area.
 Gavin- 10 pounds of flesh, strange animal.
 Jonathan- another pair of yuppie glasses, or some clothes etc.
 Mike- Roger's locker.
 Andre- an apartment in Santa Monica.
 D'Arcy- Edward-wrapped naked in barbed wire hanging from the flagpole.
 Susan- the company.
 Pat- mag wheels and fuzzy dice.
 Roger- a trendy haircut.
 Laura- a curly-haired man with a cute bum.
 John- Appalachian Mountain Club.
 Mr. Gray- a smile.





artartartartartartand



My Cottage Story.

Once I went to my cottage, and we saw a lot of animals. We saw a garter snake, and once we saw another snake, we also saw squirrels and chipmunks, polywogs, frogs, we also caught fish. We also brought Aunty Judith Anne to our cottage. When I fish there I don't get much luck, especially when I use plastic worms. Mark my brother catches more fish than me. I wonder why I'm older than Mark. On the other side of the lake there is a tree with a slanted branch and a rock under the tree and together they make a brontosaurus. Once Heathcliffe, our dog, went out at night after a strange sound like rustling in the bush. It was a porcupine, and Heathcliff got the quills. My Daddy says he will make porcupine soup, but I don't think he will really. Our cottage is the most exciting place except I hate driving there.

Julie Henderson
Prep Two
First Prize.

The Revenge.

It was past my bedtime so I finally went to bed. Then later, on deeper on into the night, I was awakened by a cackling sound in the closet. I got up very quietly to investigate. I opened the closet. There was silence. Then something jumped out from the covers on the closet floor. Luckily I took martial arts. I tried it on him but he was much too strong. Later on I woke up in the same closet except tied to a chair.

Finally I got loose and kicked down the closet door which they had locked. I climbed out and ran into my mother's bedroom and then into my dad's bedroom. Both of them were still asleep, so I ran downstairs to the basement where all the noise was coming from. Then I heard them say do you hear something coming?

Something grabbed me from behind and pulled me right to the basement and then decided to kill me and they did.

Andrew McFarlane
Prep Three
Second Prize.

The Murder At H.G.S.

I woke up one morning, went downstairs and started to practise piano. As I looked up out the window I saw a man walking out of Saint Mary's with a funny hat on.

At school, the Halifax Grammar School, at lunch, when I was outside I heard someone scream! I ran inside and saw a man run out of the school! I saw his face when he looked back. I guess he heard me running after him. After lunch I told my secret club leader, Andrew M. that I saw a murderer and I saw who was murdered, but I didn't see the murder weapon! I suspected it was a knife but I wasn't sure.

I went home after school and told my mom about what I saw.

"David," said my mom (Anne Rapson), "I'm calling the police."

"Please don't," I said, "please let my club and me have a few more days to solve it, please?"

"We must report it to the police, but why don't you and your friends work on the case together anyway?" said Mom.

Well okay. I guess that would be alright," I said.

The next morning I went downstairs to practise and again I saw the man. Just then I noticed that it was the same man I had seen at the H.G.S. the day before!

"Mom, I'm following that man I told you about yesterday."

"No!" said Mom, "no!"

"I have to get some more information on him. I have to go I'll be on my bike!"

So I went downstairs and got my bike, but by the time I got outside the man was already around the corner! I raced after him. I caught up to him and then slowed down until I was at least ten yards away. Then I noticed that the man had dropped his knife! I hid behind a bush as he ran back to get the knife. Then I went on following him. After a while I noticed that he had not gone in the direction of the school, but he was at Point Pleasant Park. He walked into the park and went to the Prince of Wales Tower! It was open to the public. The man went inside. Up the stairs he went. When he was at the top he went over to a man and they started to talk. I couldn't quite make out what they were saying but I heard one of the men say, "So you killed that man for no reason at all?"

"I guess so!" said the other man.

Then the murderer gave the knife to the other man. The man threw the knife out the window and started to yell at the other man! I ran out to get it. I put on a glove so that I wouldn't ruin the fingerprints on it. I picked up the knife and ran home to put it in a safe, safe place and then I went to school. I told Andrew M. about what I had been doing that morning.

After school the club members, Andrew M., Brad, Mete, and me went to my house to look at the knife and get some fingerprints from it.

"Would you guys like to come for a sleepover tonight?" I asked, "If you can then we can see the murderer in the morning."

"Sure," they said.

"Excellent," I said. "Right now let's go to the police and tell them what I saw, on bikes."

So we got on our bikes and went to the police station. When we were there I (we) told the police about what I had seen. We talked about it a little while and then the policeman said, "We have caught a few people. Would you like to see them?"

"Sure," we said.

"Excellent, I'll line them up against the wall and you can tell me if one of them is the guy you saw in Point Pleasant the other day," said the policeman.

So he lined up some of the men he had caught and put numbers on them.

"None of those men is the one I saw this morning believe it or not! Except number eight! He looks like him a little bit!"

"Great," said the policeman, "get your knife and we'll look at the fingerprints. They're his alright, you guys are great! You're the youngest people who have solved a case since 1948!"

We were put in the Guinness Book of World Records for 1986!

That night I told my mom about being put in the Guinness Book of World Records 1986!

Three weeks later we were given awards, by the police, for being such good citizens.

David Rapson
Prep Three
Third Prize.

The Little Chestnut Tree.

Once upon a time there was a little Chestnut tree. His name was Cust. He was five years old. One day a man was walking in the woods to chop down the tree. When Cust heard the man coming he started to cry. He cried until he found out the man wasn't going to chop him down. Cust was so happy that he started to cry. Just then a little girl came into the woods. When she came to Cust, she said, "Why are you crying?" Cust said, "I'm crying because I'm so happy." And he never cried again.

Aylin Alemdar
Prep Two
Honourable Mention.

The Stick.

Bein' a G.I. an' all, me an' my trusty bazooka were walking outa' our bunker, an' I blew up twen'y-three of dem der Nazis, an' do I get any credit? No siree, bub!

Well I met this big hunka' man waiter at the mess hall. Woooh! I felt like a little girl agaun sucking my woly-pop. It was strawberry, it was dee-wif-ie-ous. When it waf gon I started to cry. Waaah! I felt like I had just had a bucket of paint spill while I was painting. Then my boss came over and chewed me out. It felt like I was in the big leagues, chewin' tobacco, an' arguin' with the ump.

It happened this way, I was standin' at home plate, see, and this pickeh', see, he gave me one dem' fast balls, see, and I swung at it wit' mah trusty bat, see, and he made me sit on the bench, see, he said I was out, see, I felt like a kid out in the hall. The tee-cher was mean I could tel bi the way shee told mee too git out. It soundid like shee waz maad. All I did waz braak a test tube. Gee! It reminded me of chemistry class. When I broke a test tube, then my next experiment was famous.

That made me feel like an actor, gettin' a curtain call. They would yell "TRUDI! TRUDI!" and stomp in time to my song. Then my mom yelled, "Trudi! Playtime's over!" and I went back into our garage, lay down my father's broken hockey stick, and went inside for supper.

Trudi Miller
Prep Five
First Prize

Swishing Your Chompers

Wondle you pump the wish wash,
on your fizzelush.
Uffently galorious ubbles
grow on your chompers,
soonly you ush osh it away
with swish.
And you own britefully
chompers.
Unter you pop your
fizzelush and wish wash away,
and you grinly whitefully.
Wasn't that an unty tick?

Lars Mitchell
Prep Six
Third Prize



Prep Five

Three Poems

Crickets

It is night.
Silent and still except for the crickets chirping.
Chirping, far away as if to convey a message.
Chirping softly, but echoing in your ears.
Chirping.
Taking over the stillness of the night.

Snow

It is winter.
Snow drifts silently to the ground.
Slowly,
Catching the eye of the cat,
Sitting in the window,
Watching with great interest.
It covers the earth
Fresh and clean,
No one noticing but the cat.
Sitting in the window, watching the snow.
As it drifts, silently, to the ground.

The Fox

Slyly you creep, creep along,
Staying close to the ground and out of sight.
Your thin body, sliding, creeping towards your prey.
Creeping towards the hen-house,
Quietly, at night, when nobody is watching.
You sly fox.
Instead of ten chickens,
In the morning there will be six.
The chickens will be surprised.
But you must be silent, so as not to wake the farmer.
Because if he sees you, he will shoot you.
You sly fox.

Kristen Matthews
Prep Five
Second Prize

The Station.

Below, on the platform, the people are waiting for the next train. Here on the concourse, we can only hear it as its rumbling grows gradually from a mere tickling of the eardrum to a roar. A warm wave of air rushes up the stairwell. Paper transfers and bubble gum wrappers dance about on the tiled floor. The tiles are yellow and white squares, made of a hard, rough material. They stretch along the floor in a checkerboard pattern for almost as far as the eye can see, toward both ends of the mezzanine. A few people here and there are hurrying on their way. Some carry shopping bags, they are dressed in light coats, as if it is either spring or autumn. The long subterranean corridor, however, is only about ten meters wide. The smooth rectangular tiles, on the side walls, each twice as wide as it is high, are alternately yellow, black, white and grey. They are set in horizontal rows. To one side of the corridor, a janitor in a dull navy uniform is sweeping. Although he removes the larger pieces of litter, a thin layer of grime remains, unaltered by his broom. Attached to the ceilings are thick translucent directional signs, with lightbulbs on their interiors. Presently the roar of the train has ground to a halt. A hiss and a clang-the doors have opened. Now they close again. In a moment another cluster of passengers will emerge from the stairway leading from the platform. The train moves on, to another station just like this one-except perhaps for the colour-and then to another, and another ...

Now the station is much busier. It is perhaps the same station-or another on many dark miles away, encased in the same sanitary yellows and greys. We are directly below a street entrance. From the top of a long narrow stairwell comes the hum of traffic. A sliver of blue sky can be seen at the opening, as well as the feet of passing pedestrians. To the left, extended like a barrier across the top of the stairs leading to the platforms, are the metal turnstiles. At this bustling hour of day, the one-way traffic flowing through the turnstiles is almost continuous, as is the resulting clatter that echoes around this underground chamber. The noise is sprinkled with the clinking of coins and tokens being swallowed by the steel machines. The footsteps are also loud. The sound of stiletto heels is particularly conspicuous. As always, the commuters are hurrying, hurrying, hurrying home to cozy chairs, crackling fires, Beaujolais, the TV baseball game ... and other domestic comforts.

Now we are below, on the platform. It is almost certainly night, for, although, down here, the fluorescent lights are shining as brightly as ever, there is not a sound. The two platforms are on either side of the two tracks. The tiles on the side walls of this long but narrow corridor are alternately yellow, black and grey. On a middle row of these tiles is the name of the station, repeated at intervals of about five metres. The name we are looking at now is partially obscured from years-decades?-of weathering. Now the roar of the next train grows, grows, grows and dies down again. On the outside, the cars have been painted with a lacquer-like cream coating. At the end of each car a different number has been painted, in thin red digits. The windows are only semi-transparent, thanks to a thick coat of dust and scratches. Through these windows can be seen the dark green vinyl seats, the green and cream checkerboard floor tiling, the metal handles lining the roof, the steel safety poles, the buzz of colour as the advertisements flash by. In the car directly in front of us is a man rising and making his way to the nearest door, grabbing a pole as the train lurches to a stop. The doors close. The empty train moves on once more, to another station, and another, and another ... through the night and into the morning; and dead leaves rustle.

Michael Kiang
Upper Three
First Prize.

The Old House.

The sun shines through the dirty glass,
The dust lies thick upon the floor,
My footsteps echo through the room,
Where people lived who live no more.

The old stairs creak as I go up,
Into a dusty, dingy hall.
The rug's worn thin by many feet,
The feet of people past recall.

Forsaken to the winds of fate,
Deserted, but an empty shell,
The life has left the old house here,
Abandoned as a place to dwell.

My home is cozy, warm and bright,
Filled with talk, love, dear and true.
Yet was not this place once a home,
For people much like me and you.

Jean Grindley
Upper Two
Second Prize.

Fall.

The leaves all scattered
on the ground,
Are not from trees
at all,
But now dead shells of
fairy's wings,
Discarded in the fall.
And all the puddles
around every bend,
Are not from rain,
Oh no my friend!
But mournful tears
for summer's end.

Maggie Arnold
Upper One
Third Prize.

Waking Up For School.

What was I dreaming about?
Oh yes I remember, now without a doubt:
I am a test tube; my contents flowing out.

Someone must be shaking me,
Leave me alone, let me be!

My atoms getting looser!
Don't let me be a loser!

"Wake up, wake up! You're late for school."
That was in the science lab, boy, was I a fool.

Toni Fried
Upper Two
Honorable Mention.



John Gould
Upper Three



Drummond Vogan
Upper Two

When All Things Quiet

When all things quiet, and all things cold,
And all things dim, and darkness told,
And when you're lonely and lying still,
When you feel no warmth, but winter's chill.

And when you lay in a cluttered field,
And you're remembered by a limestone shield,
When you're six feet under without a breath,
Then you live the life of death.

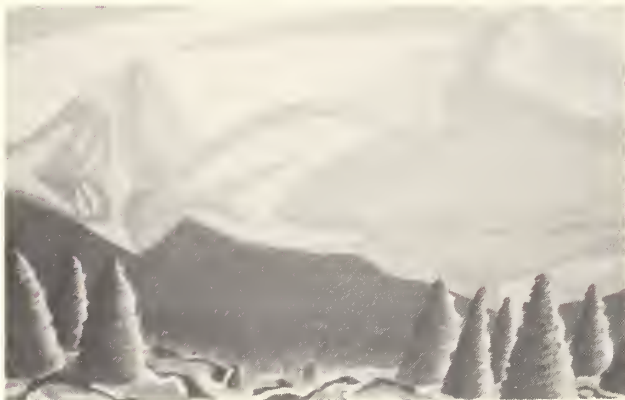
Chris Simmons
Upper One
Honorable Mention.

Em, lying on the sand still warm from the loud scorching sun which had dropped below the edge of the watery horizon only minutes before. The sky above the grey water scape was still unsettled after the loss of such a dominant and captivating force. Now the deep sky, free to use its creativity without fear of paling in comparison to the bloated and extravagant ball of sick orange heat. Percussions of red still sounded above the line of water where the sun had dropped. Farther up pulsing circles of seductive green and lusty yellow, licks of wet, soothing violet appearing. Em scanned eyes across the water, watching with patient curiosity for the sky's sister colours to show in the reflective depths of the shallow. Soon the colours began to show in the turbulent stillness and Em could not contain his giggles of delight and happiness. Every night he enjoyed this ritual of taking in the delicious hues of the universe as they settled and unsettled in the air near and far and the puddle which had formed several minutes of centuries ago in the dent of his roof. The feeling Em had in his stomach told him the puddle would soon freeze and the colour watching rituals would take on a new perspective. But for now Em was more than content to enjoy the last night of the puddles, his cheeks dry and cold, his insides hot with the excitement of life.

Rolling on his back in a relaxed stretch, Em's eyes caught with surprise on the outline of a lone figure on the edge of the roof against the streaky greyness of the eastern side. His heart began to thump against his chest. To calm his body Em slowly shut his eyes and drew his arms around himself in a comforting hug, breathing deeply. A few hours later he opened a cautious eye. The figure remained still, on the edge of the roof.

Em had lived with himself alone forever and back. Century after century turned. Mountains had worn to dust. Rivers dried to canyons. Em had lived all, from his lumpy roof, watching and listening to messages of the stars. Lying in the puddles to cool his steaming skin as the planet tilted near the sun. Naked, dancing and circling wildly over the puddles drinking in the grey and purple rain through all his pores. Singing quietly and feeling the echoes resound from the stars for years after. Screaming and seeing the wind shudder with pain. Sleeping for decades of traumatic dreams, escaping down into the black chimney for protection when they became too real. Emerging days later into the thick fog which formed in his absence. Now there was another. Em slowly rose, his head reeling with the rush of feelings, the thoughts of all time spinning through. The grey figure waited patiently for centuries to pass.

Alison Murray
Upper Four
First Prize



David Robertson
Upper Five

Life.

Life.
In the beginning,
Light.
In the middle,
A straight line,
Or a curve?
Possibly a wheel,
Spinning round and round.
Stopping anywhere.
In the end,
Darkness.
Life.

Gavin Murphy
Upper Five
Second Prize.

A Poem That Kind Of Rhymes.

He Sang.

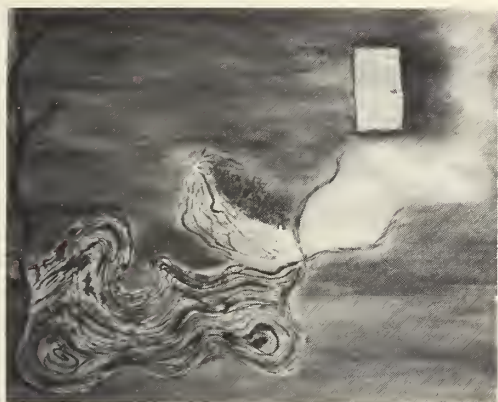
There was a bang,
And so the Earth began.
At first it was barren,
But soon there came a blob,
And the blob became planet,
And the planet became animal,
And the animal became man.
He walked,
He talked,
He danced,
He sang,
He fought,
And then there came a big bang.

Hilary Atherton
Upper Five
Third Prize.

No names, no stereotypes,
Insane and hate-driven knives,
Drains the blood of peoples lives.

No names, no stereotypes,
Just warped decisions,
From premature impressions,
Leading to false conclusions,
Maybe a bit of discussion,
Mixed with some human emotion,
With a touch of ambition,
Would lead in a different direction:
That would be nice.
Maybe this is the solution,
To the end of unjust persecution,
And the unnecessary pollution,
Of our institutions.
Human nature could be the explanation,
Thus there will be no resolution;
Just the moral destruction,
Of our world.

Michael Stephens
Upper Four



Munju Ravindra
Upper Four

Haiku.

Soaring through the sky
It's free and able to fly;
Bang! This freedom stops.

Danny Rees
Upper Four.

Red Poppy.

The red poppies sway in the wind,
Their petals flutter softly.
Yet one poppy stands out alone,
It does not sway like others,
But stands proud and tall in the field,
Seeking an identity.

Matthew O'Halloran
Upper Four.

There once was a boarder named Mark
Who went for a skate in the dark
He decided to tack
Fell flat on his back
Said to hell with that for a lark.

Linda Barker
Upper Five.



Laura Hooper
Upper Five

Exams.

The exam was moronic;
My ignorance was chronic.
I needed a tonic;
How ironic.

My review was rough,
But this exam was tough.
There was no way I could bluff,
I just didn't know this stuff.

When I took it off the stack,
I thought I was going to crack.
I went home to pack,
I was never coming back.

Matthew O'Dor
Upper Two.

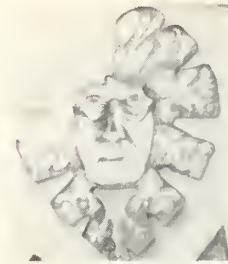
Ode to the Lemon.

The lemon is a funny fruit,
It's not quite round, but yellow,
By character this fruit is mute,
Its taste is tart, not mellow.

Though the lemon's taste is not so nice,
You still may find it worthy,
For if you eat it once or twice,
It will prevent the scurvy.

The lemon here in modern times,
Is not what you may think,
It's often confused with yellow limes,
And mainly found in a drink.

Paul Baskett
Upper One.



Chris Robertson
Upper Six.

The Life of Lester the Peanut.

Lester the Peanut was a very fine guy,
he'd comfort girl peanuts when they'd cry.
He'd help old lady peanuts cross the street,
and at dinner time he'd eat all his meat.

His parents were very proud of him, when at school,
In workshop class he used all the right tools.
He had lots of friends, he was such a likeable nut,
and was always studying, never kept his books shut.

He always brushed his teeth, before he went to bed,
and never ate candy, but nutritious food instead.
He always said "please" and "thank you", and never swore,
and always tossed into the garbage, his apple core.

Lester was such a super, duper guy,
liked by everyone, his limit was the sky.
Until one day, he fell and cracked his shell,
how that happened, nobody could tell.

Some peanuts think it was peanut Joe,
jealous of Lester, thought he'd steal the show.
All the peanuts were happy to hear this, you can tell,
now they know Joe is going to spend life in a jail cell.

Al Davis
Upper Four.

Small Step for Mankind.

Paula grew a moustache,
A moustache,
A moustache,
Paula grew a moustache,
And Johnny grew a beard.

Paula looked peculiar,
Peculiar,
Peculiar,
Paula looked peculiar,
And Johnny looked weird.

Paula got the garden shears,
The garden shears,
The garden shears,
Paula got the garden shears,
And Johnny got a bomb.

Now Paula's face is smooth again,
Smooth again,
Smooth again,
Now Paula's face is smooth again,
And Johnny's face is gone.

Anon.



Johanna Steffen
Upper Six.

Little Johnny was a Holy Terror.
He shocked his mother.
And punched his brother,
He smashed every plate and dish,
And even ate his own goldfish,
When he was really bad, his father put him
Behind a door and slammed it.
And when Little Johnny grew up,
He grew up to be a bandit.

Laura Hooper
Upper Five.

Neil crossed the windless landscape.
As the blue world rose before him
He planted the flag in the name
Of a giant leap for mankind.

John crossed the oval carpet
And picked up the red phone
The television showed the earth rise
As the tears welled in young John's eyes.

The blue globe turned to grey
And Neil was alone.

Ken Schwartz
Upper Five.

To have or not to have,
That is the question.

Is there really a joy?

Is it too soon?
Should I wait until later?

All these questions
But no answers-
Some questions are better
Left unanswered.

I'm scared, but curious-

I'm scared that
I'm too curious,
Maybe I'll rush
Something that I'll
Regret.

I have decided to wait,
But once again:

Is there really a joy?

Heidi Stanish
Cathy Novac
Upper Four.

The Awakening.

A crimson light brightens the sky,
A brighter light, of red and gold
Rises over the horizon.

A rooster calls the wakening,
Everything is coming to life,
A new day has begun.

Andrea McCulloch
Upper Three.

The Stared At Star.

He stared at the star
Hoping to ignite his faith
In mankind.
The star faded away
And so does mankind.

Eric Block
Upper Four.

The Human of Inferiority.

The man was leeched upon the
barbed wire, ready to break
free.
The tears in his eyes of his
anxieties.
Evolving into a mass puddle of hatred-
poisonous to those who stand idly by.
The bullet sounded,
The world still spins.

Eric Block
Upper Four.

The Beast Within.

Awakening to an alarm clock,
is the usual way to go.
But I awake to a grumbling sound,
from somewhere down below.

Soon I'm sitting at the table,
digesting all I can.
To calm the beast within me
-that is my daily plan.

The beast seems to be satisfied
-for two hours and a half.
Until his cries of hunger are heard,
about halfway through math.

Mike Hopkins
Upper Five

School.

Oneday
Tuesday
Missday
Sleepday
Friday
End.

Munju Ravindra
Upper Four

In the Night

Dark and dreary
in the cool autumn eve
he crept out
dressed in black
towards the shadows
hidden shadows
All seemed hidden
hidden from those within
Those unknown
Dark and dreary
Shadows.

Gillian Mann
Upper Three

Meek, timid is the mouse,
He is engulfed in the vast meadow.
Above is his nemesis,
An eagle descends.
Another life ends.

David Robertson
Upper Five



clubs

Student Council



Back Row: Jay Ferguson, Neil McCulloch, Susie Abbot, Jason Holt, Peter Thomas.
Front Row: Edward Rees, Matthew O'Halloran, Zareen Ahamd, Rob Plowman.

Peter Thomas: President
Neil McCulloch: Vice-President
Eric Block: Treasurer
Matthew O'Halloran: Secretary
Jay Ferguson: U6 Representative
Edward Rees: U5 Representative
Rob Plowman: U4 Representative
Jason Holt: U3 Representative
Susie Abbot: U2 Representative
Zareen Ahamd: U1 Representative

This year's student council started off with a drive to increase school spirit. To this end we are planning a student lounge with music and popcorn provided to attract students to sit and talk with others. Another endeavour along this line is a free movie on Friday nights. Money to fund these projects is raised through dance profits only at our first dance this year we supplied our own music in an effort to increase profits. This met with limited success, but gave us the encouragement to hire a live band to play at our Christmas dance.

After the Christmas dance the council's attention will be focused on the annual ski trip and winter carnival. Last year's successful extension of winter carnival activities to the lunch hours of the week of carnival provides us with a good framework for many new activities.

The council will have many more activities throughout the year. Many thanks must go to our staff advisor, Mr. Montgomery. His constant support and encouragement have been invaluable to the council.

Peter Thomas,
Student Council President.

Assistant Secretaries



Back Row: Jay Ferguson, Paul Bhattacharyya, Clare Roscoe.
Front Row: Nora Pyesmany, Edward Rees, Karen Thomas.

This year the Assistant Secretaries have the pleasure of working for a new secretary, Mrs. Gough. For some reason, few people this year have wanted to make use of the privileges that come along with being a secretary and letting Mrs. Gough get away at lunch. This year we will welcome the first Upper Ones to the banquet, for which we hope we will have a host.

Jennifer Smith.

Debating Club



Back Row: Rob Plowman, Peter Thomas, Steven Oore.
Front Row: Michael Kiang, Kevin Gibson, Mrs. Aterman, Claude Robillard, Hugh Thompson.

The Debating Club has been fortunate this year in acquiring many new members, both junior and senior. We were at first plagued with the difficulty of finding a time to meet, but once this obstacle was overcome, we had many good debates on Mondays after school.

We sent one debater, Peter Thomas, to the Nova Scotia Impromptu Competition. There he faced the best debaters from the province and did quite well gaining a second place finish. Other competitions include the Provincial debates held in February. We plan to send a team to this and hopefully they will find a place in the National Competition, this year being held in Halifax.

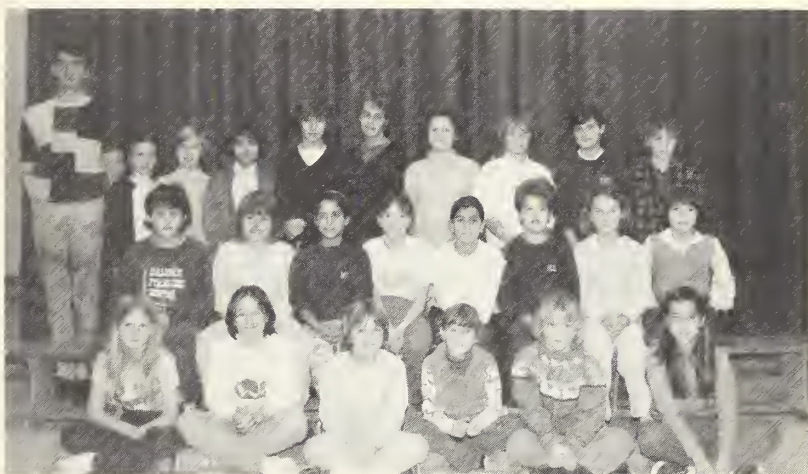
We wish to especially thank Mrs. Aterman for her time, effort and continued support throughout the year.

Peter Thomas.



Upper School Drama

Prep School Drama



“This is our finest hour.”

-Winston Churchill

“Nyah Nyah Nyah”

-H.G.S. Drama Teacher

This has been an extremely productive year for the H.G.S. drama club. Members of the Upper School participated in one independent and one school production, and are looking forward to the N.S. High School Drama Festival as a chance to display further their theatrical expertise. The Prep School was not dormant, as they bounced off the walls of the A.V.R. once a week with Shakespearean zest and grace. Thanks must go to Nancy Meinertzhagen, the ENTIRELY devoted and indefatigably enthusiastic leader of the H.G.S. drama club, who makes every rehearsal an experience in itself.

Ken Schwartz.

The School Choirs



Senior

Steven Oore
Toni Fried
Beverly Williams
Sophie Spiropoulos
Andrea McCulloch
Kersti Tacrieter
Munju Ravindra
Clare Roscoe
Bridget Byrne
Rosemarie Michalski
Sally Nanton
Malve Petersman
Jessica Andrews
Michelle Horacek
Stephanie Cooper
Nora Pyesmany
Amy Burns
Paula Hopkins
Michael Cowie

The Halifax Grammar School choirs have been active again this year. The Junior choir with its 30 members sang at the School Christmas concert, entertained the residents of the McKeen Manor and went carolling at Christmas time.

The Upper School choir has had a fluctuating membership between 26 and 12 depending upon the mood of the singers. Ten faithful members have been selected to participate in the Independent Schools Music Festival in April at Roy Thomson Hall. Fourteen members from the Junior Choir will also be travelling to Toronto for the same event.

Future plans are: more community work and a trip out of town to another Nova Scotia, as well as singing at Open House and at Graduation.

Valda Kemp,
Music Teacher.

Junior



Lizzie Oore
Aaron Dickenson
Matthew Thompson
Anne Totten
Natalie Vladi
Emma Haggart
A. Wylie Roberts
Jenny Silverman
Kathleen Murphy
Corey Matthews
Leif Englund
Mathias Michalom
Christine Hollett
Jessica Lief
Andrea Sheridan
Tina Piper
Martha Casey
Jeff Parker
Meghan Dorward
Trudi Miller
Kristen Matthews
Sarah Whitehead
Tricia Joyce
Kendal Vogan
Beth Pyesmany

Bob Newhart Fan Club

I have been asked to write a report on the success of the new-found Bob Newhart Fan Club.

A moment of silence before I continue. A picture of this club was not taken. Fault Mrs. Chapman for that. Or her baby.

O.K. cheer up now! For I am addressing you - the HGS student, and I am proud to state that every student was a member of our club - take that Mrs. Aterman or Mrs. Scobbie.

We depend on Bob Newhart for he is a man who lets us laugh without using vile language and referring to S-X. Yes, Bob Newhart is a pure comedian, not like Eddie Murphy who proves tres perverse!!

Through Bob Newhart we relieve our frustrations and anxieties about the hardships of academia. For this, Sir Newhart, the fans are grateful.

I shall now take it upon myself to conclude this presentation, by thanking every HGS student, my mother, George Utley, Daryl and Daryl and also my father, and again you the HGS student (I stressed that purposely.)

Sincerely and with a tip of my
hat to Mr. Newhart,
Eric S. Block,
-founder,
Advertising Editor and
Treasurer of the Student Council.

P.S. Tune in Monday 9:30 CBC/10:30 CBS.



Needlework Club



Back Row: Christine Hollett, Jasmine Oore, Jessica Lief, Andrea Sheridan, Anne Totten, Tina Piper, Jennifer DeGrasse, Jennifer Franklin, Alexander Wilson, Ryan Blades, Hannah Blades.

Front Row: Joanne Trager, Martha Lawrence, Jamie Mayo, Erica Wilson, Peter Henderson, Liza Piper, Mara Green, Emma T-Gault, Genevieve Bain, Julie Henderson, Marcy Laing.

The Needlework Club was only formed this year. However, it has been a great success. There were thirty Lower School members who met Tuesday afternoons at 3:30 p.m. The participants were divided into two groups; the beginners supervised by Mrs. Smith and the advanced led by Mrs. Murray. The two groups made Halloween bags, stuffed animals, patchwork and intend to learn embroidery stitches and make nightgowns.

Sports

1986

Sports Report

The fall 1985-86 sports season at H.G.S. has proved to be fairly successful to date. The school had junior, intermediate and senior teams entered in both city and metro schools cross-country meets. The junior team coached by Wayne Serebrin made its way to city championships with five boys and two girls. The intermediate and senior teams were coached by Sandy Pivie and they participated in the Regional Meet where one student qualified for the Provincials.

The Senior Boys' 'A' soccer team produced a fairly strong side coached by alumnus, Phil Graham. The team lost the right to represent the region in a 3-1 decision to Kings-Edgehill.

H.G.S. had two junior soccer teams this year. We had the junior boys' coached by John Lankaster plus a new girls' team coached by Derek Bridgehouse. Both squads played in city 'B' leagues. The boys were undergoing a year of transition while the girls made it to quarter final division play.

The Senior Boys' Volleyball team was coached by Jim Shaw and Todd Robinson. They have played three matches to date. H.G.S. will meet Hants North this year to decide the Regional winner to advance to Provincials.

The Senior Girls' Volleyball team was coached by Neil McCulloch and Peter Thomas. The team played in the Metro 'B' league and play-offs. In 'A' Regionals the girls will meet teams from Hants North, Duncan McMillan and the Convent in order to advance to Provincials.

H.G.S. also had two Junior Volleyball teams which competed in Halifax City 'A' divisional play. The boys coached by Derek Bridgehouse were definitely in a rebuilding season. The girls were coached by John Beale and Roger Baskett. Though both teams did not win many games, they gained lots of experience and improvement.

The Senior Boys' Basketball team was not entered in the Metro 'B' league this season due to the absence of a league. The team will therefore be playing Regional teams hoping for a berth at Provincials. The Senior Girls' Basketball coached by Neil McCulloch will be entered in Metro 'B' and will also be in Regional playdowns this years. The Junior Boys' and Girls' Basketball teams will participate in the Halifax City School Recreational League. Both teams will have a twelve game season. The junior boys will be coached by Derek Bridgehouse and the girls by Bonnie Bouvjois.

Our H.G.S. fencers as always continue to do exceedingly well in all age divisions under Nancy Scobbie and Walter Kemp.

Faithfully submitted,
Derek Bridgehouse

Senior Boys' Soccer



Back Row: Troy Dolomont, Miles Sheridan, Colin Audain, Michael Stephens, Roger Baskett, John Beale, Michael Hopkins, David Robertson, Matthew Oland.
Front Row: Claude Robillard, Victor Bigio, Andre Belcourt, Patrick Oland, Neil McCulloch, Danny Rees, Matthew O'Halloran, Walter Kemp, Mark Wathen, Peter Thomas.

Although losing five of eleven starters this year, H.G.S. was able to put together a rather small, but aggressive Senior Boys' Soccer team. After a slow start and a couple of disappointing losses, the team started to come together, under the coaching of Phil Graham, and showed that size was unimportant in the game of soccer. Kings-Edgehill was again all that stood in our way of the provincials. After playing them twice earlier in the season, tying 0-0 and losing 2-1, we met Kings-Edgehill on their home turf, for the regionals. The team, eager to avenge last year's controversial defeat, began very aggressively. King's however, was just as eager to go to the provincials, and had the advantage of home field. After an exciting game, King's walked away with a well deserved 1-nil victory.

Good-luck to next year's team!

Neil McCulloch,
Captain

Under 13 Soccer



Back Row: Paul Baskett, Sean Kirby, Mark McCallaum, Arun Goomar, Warren Auld, Paul Simms.
Front Row: George Nikolaou, John Rice, David McFarlane, Daniel Thompson, Douglas Penick, Troy Holness, Tom Sheridan.

The Under 13 Soccer Team In Ottawa 1985

After hosting the Under 13 soccer tournament last year, it was our turn to go away again to other parts of Canada. Indeed, this was a special year - the tenth anniversary of the tournament. And we returned to the original hosting school, Ashbury College in Ottawa.

Dr. MacFarlane gave a great amount of his time over the summer and after weekends to the development of a suitable squad to participate in the event. The perennial problem for H.G.S. is that we rarely have enough boys of the right age range to field a team which is both skilled and endurance-fit. There are always many who wish to participate in the soccer trials. They are enthusiastic and willing but usually lack size and stamina. Each year we say that the next will see us with a team that is of age and ability to have a good chance of the gold. This time we recognized the rebuilding, but we thought that things were certainly promising.

One area where we really did remarkably well was in goal. Both Warren Auld and Mark McCallum showed considerable ability and rose to occasion enormously well. Sean Kirby and Daniel Thompson both impressed other schools with their ability and skill-and determination. George Nikolaou was extremely talented in moving the ball and in controlling it though his speed was rather suspect. Paul Baskett and Andrew Sacamano were speedy and industrious. However they all played very credibly in all games till exhaustion sapped their strength. We will miss their efforts next year.

There is certainly a considerable amount of skill in our younger players. Particularly this is evident in the case of David MacFarlane, aged nine, who turned many players inside out who were twice his age and size. I am reminded of a habitant poem, Monsieur Joliat, by Wilson MacDonald:-

He weegle jus' lak' fish-worm do
Wen eet ees on a hook;
An' wen he pass de beeg defence
Dey have one seely look.

Two others in his grade, Prep 5, showed remarkable promise; Douglas, a tireless worker with athletic ability, and Aaron Dickson, who surprised everybody with verve and effort and his refusal to be intimidated by the size of some of his opponents.

Size, or rather lack of it, was a factor in many of our games. Our smaller players found it hard to run with the enormous legs of some speedy opponents. This was particularly true up front where our forwards were at a substantial disadvantage when it came to running onto a through ball or in heading ball in the air.

However, Tom Sheridan at centre forward worked hard and well and showed the ability to lead a forward line with good ball distribution. Arun Goomar and Troy Holness are both players who possess talent and skill and who with a little more time will help form the core of a really strong soccer squad. Chris Williams and Nicholas Graham both were strong defenders who improved with every game.

It was only in the last game that we were able to put the ball in the net. Like the fish that got away, in that game there were three incredible occasions where the ball hit a crossbar, a post, or a lump of mud and refused to cross the line. Finally Sean Kirby made sure that nothing would stop his powerful shot and we recorded our only goal of the tournament, which was enough to tie that last game versus St. John's, Kilmarnock.

One impressionable happening of this tenth anniversary tournament was the visit of Sir Stanley Matthews, the legendary player of soccer from England; and Bruce Wilson, the captain of Canada's World Cup team, who have made it to the final round in Mexico City. The final day saw an all-star team of the boys - HGS was represented by George Nikolaou and Daniel Thompson - assisted by Bruce Wilson and Sir Stanley Matthews, play the coaches. This was quite an exciting event ending fortuitously for the coaches in a 2-2 tie.

There were various social engagements which included a visit to the Houses of Parliament. Those from HGS were met by the Right Honourable Stewart MacInnes.

The eventual winner of the trophy was Lower Canada College who defeated St. George's, Vancouver in the final. But again everybody was a winner in a most entertaining and sporting tournament that held many memorable moments for all.

We would like to thank everybody who helped our team with their donations of bottles to the drive we held at the beginning of the year and to the generous help given by the PAC. Next year we are BC bound to Vancouver, Expo and St. George's School.

Junior Girls' Soccer



Back Row: Allison Cooper, Jessica Andrews, Paula Hopkins, Clare Roscoe, Stephanie Cooper, Gillian Mann, Susie Abbot, Amy Burns.
Front Row: Jane Gould, Karen Thomas, Andrea McCulloch, Sarah Newman, Kelly Murphy, Suzanne Godsoe, Tami Meretsky, Jennifer Archibald, Christina Horne.

This was the first year that H.G.S. saw girls donning school colours to play soccer. It was a most commendable performance by a well balanced side of girls in their first outing as a team made up of experienced players and rookies.

In the early going we were able to tie and defeat schools and end up third in the league part of play, which put us in the 'B' play-off. We lost a tough decision to St. Agnes to advance to semi-finals.

Standing out for H.G.S. were Gillian Mann and Jane Gould sharing goaltending duties and forward; Paula Hopkins at midfield; Jennifer Archibald and Clare Roscoe for their speed up the side and Sarah Newman at center defence and the rest of the supporting CREW.

Our thanks are also due the parents who acted as our cheerleaders, from the sidelines, chauffeurs and who were most helpful throughout the season promoting our endeavours.

Derek Bridgehouse,
Coach

Junior Boys' Soccer



Back Row: Mishko Hansen, John Gould, Chris Lankaster, Jason Holt, Bobby Carter, Jean-Paul Bewers, Stephen D'or, Michael Barker.

Front Row: Hugh Thompson, Kelcey Parker, Asim Wali, Brian Audain, Drummond Vogan, Sean Kirby, Paul Baskett, Daniel Thompson, George Nikolaou.

This year's Junior Boys' Soccer Team was not too successful. We played schools from the Halifax area. Our team found the Gorsebrook and Cornwallis teams very hard to play. However, we came close to drawing with St. Stevens but they scored a lucky goal in the last five minutes of the game. Overall we enjoyed the season and thanks must go, from the whole team, to Mr. Lankester and Mr. McFarlane for the time and effort they put into coaching our team.

Michael Barker

Captain

Junior Girls' Volleyball



Back Row: Roger Baskett, John Beale, Amy Burns, Andrea McCulloch, Karen Thomas, Jane Gould, Susie Abbot, Sarah Newman, Toni Fried.
Front Row: Jessica Andrews, Beverly Williams, Malve Petersman, Clare Roscoe, Gillian Mann, Paula Hopkins, Suzanne Godsoe, Tami Meretsky.

This year's Junior Girls' Volleyball team was very successful. Although we won just three games all season, we played well and had fun. We improved tremendously throughout the season and had some close games toward the end. We did not make the play-offs, for we had one deciding game against Gorsebrook-St. Francis in which we lost 15:13 in the fifth game. Special thanks go to Roger Baskett and John Peter Beale for a great job coaching.

Gillian Mann,
Captain

Junior Boys' Volleyball



Back Row: Chris Lankaster, Sean Kirby, Jason Holt, Bobby Carter, Jean-Paul Bewers.
Front Row: George Nikolaou, Daniel Thompson, Drummond Vogan, Asim Wali.

The Junior Boys' Volleyball Team was comprised of seven diehards from U1-U3. It was a rebuilding season for these seven who had never played competitive volleyball before. The team played in Halifax City Schools 'A' with a ten game schedule against teams of equal or superior calibre. The team saw noticeable improvement in their attack and defence, led by captain Jason Holt, as the season progressed. Congrats to the Persevering Seven!!

Derek Bridgehouse,
Coach.

Senior Girls' Volleyball



Back Row: Peter Thomas, Neil McCulloch, Al Davis, Clare Roscoe, Rosemarie Michalski, Gill Mann.
Front Row: Cathy Novac, Susan Halebsky, Linda Barker, Laura Hooper, Paula Hopkins, Heidi Stanish.

This year's Sr. Girls' volleyball team was small compared to previous years but that did not deter the team in any way. We played twelve matches this season, not including exhibition ones. We had more fun than wins. Our team participated in the Metro "B" Volleyball League Tournament, in mid November, at Q.E.H. We placed fairly well but played better than we had done during the season. Our team will be remembered for Heidi's introduction of the "over-head" bump which many of us used, much to the dismay of our coaches, Al's stinging spikes, Rosemary, Cathy and Paula's one-handed bumps, Linda and Laura's collisions in the middle of games, Gill and Clare's ability to show up for games on such short notice and the fact we finally made it to the Provincials!!

I'm sure that everyone on this year's team had a lot of fun and would like to thank Neil and Peter for their time, effort and patience(!!!).

Linda Barker

Captain

Senior Boys' Volleyball



Back Row: Neil McCulloch, Paul Bhattacharyya, Michael Stephens, Roger Baskett.
Front Row: Patrick Oland, Peter Thomas, John Beale, Colin Audain, Andre Belcourt.

At first, the loss of five-sixths of our team's starters, appeared to be the end of the Grammar School's successful volleyball history. However, with the addition of Colin Audain and Michael Stephens, from last year's Jr. High team, and with the help of strictly disciplined practices and game plans under coaches Jim Shaw and Todd Robinson, the team has proved the predictions false. We have produced, this year, a team capable of being provincial champions. A decisive victory over Hants-North in the regional play-offs earned the team a spot in the Provincial play-offs to be held in Cape Breton, Dec. 6 and 7.

Maybe this year we can come home with a trophy under our belt. Good-luck this year and in the years to come!

Neil McCulloch,
Captain.

Fencing



Back Row: Mrs. Scobbie, Andrew Jackson, Kerry Alemdar, Brent MacDonald, John Rice, Paul Simms, Walter Kemp.
Middle Row: Geoffrey Archibald, Paul Baskett, Gray Miles, Troy Holness, Colin MacDonald, Matthew Thompson, Aaron Dickson.
Front Row: Drum Woodside, Jamie Stoltz, Jeffrey Parker.

Fencing in Nova Scotia has rapidly increased in popularity and quality and the Halifax Grammar School Fencing Club has remained a force to be reckoned with. Brent McDonald in Under 11, Paul Baskett and Paul Simms in Under 13 and Walter Kemp in the Under 20 age categories have consistently placed on or near the top. The club has grown and the potential for the future is great. All of this would be impossible without the work of our dedicated fencing master, Mrs. Scobbie. The club's numerous achievements are the reflection of her excellent coaching and the young talent that she produces now will surely continue to foil opponents in the future.

Walter Kemp.

Rugby



Back Row: Andre Belcourt, Roger Baskett, Patrick Oland, Michael Stephens, Matthew Oland, Hilary Atherton, Peter Thomas.
Front Row: Colin Audain, Mark Wathen, Neil McCulloch, Walter Kemp, Chris Robertson, Danny Rees.

Once again the courageous “men” of the Halifax Grammar School are about to embark upon another exciting season of chills and spills. Our four returning starters will form the basis for a solid team. We are also looking forward to the addition of several eager players too young (or too small) to play last year. Practices will begin after March Break, under the continued supervision and leadership of our coach Marty Williams. We are looking forward to another successful season, and accompanied by our large female entourage, we hope to continue as the league’s best tacklers.

Roger Baskett

Junior Girls' Basketball



Back Row: Stephanie Cooper, Jane Gould, Susie Abbot, Paula Hopkins, Clare Roscoe, Jenifer Archibald, Gill Mann.
Front Row: Jen Trebert, Sarah Newman, Karen Thomas, Tami Meretsky.

This year's Junior Basketball team did extremely well. We started off on the right foot, defeating Westmount School in our first game, although the score was only 17:15. We continued to defeat B.C. Silver, Fairview, Convent, and Major Stevens. We finished in sixth place out of eleven teams, which meant we could play in the play-offs. We won our first play-off match in a 33:17 game against Cunard Junior High, a school which had defeated us earlier in the season. We progressed to the second round where we played the number one ranked team, St. Pat's Alexandra, and we were defeated in a close match 27:23. All in all, it was a great season and special thanks go to our coach, Bonnie Bourgois.

Gillian Mann.

Junior Boys' Basketball



Back Row: Jean-Paul Bewers, Mishko Hansen, Chris Lankester, Bob Carter.
Front Row: Jonathan Cook, Daniel Thompson, Asim Wali, Brian Audain, Kelsey Parker, Drummund Vogan, Mr. Bridgehouse.

The Junior Boys' Basketball Team participated in the Halifax City Schools "B" League this year. This year's team comprised of Grade 8 and 9 students was in a transition stage. For many it was the first time that they played in competitive organized basketball. Although the team went 0 for 8 as the season progressed the floor time we got as a team made us better. One of the best games was against Cunard where the score was 58-42, but many scores of the season were not indicative of the way the team played, for at times they ran and played their guts out.

The team members definitely deserve a BIG "E" for EFFORT and "D" for DESIRE. Honorable mention go to Daniel Thompson and Bob Carter.

Derek Bridgehouse

Coach

Senior Girls' Basketball



Back Row: Cathy Novac, Leesa Hamilton, Carmen McInnis, Rosemarie Michalski, Laura Hooper, Neil McCulloch.
Front Row: Al Davis, Holly McCurdy, Susan Halebsky, Heidi Stanish, Linda Barker.

This year's Sr. Girls' Basketball team was mainly made up of the Sr. Girls' Volleyball team members with a few additions. We played in the Metro "B" League, against teams such as Halifax West, Convent, Duncan McMillan, Cole Harbour, J.L. Isley, Hants North and Kings Edgehill. Although this year's team wasn't terribly successful everyone had lots of fun playing. Cathy's fouls, Heidi's layups, Linda's overhead shots, Laura's struggle for jumpballs, Al and Holly's rebounding, Carmen's travelling and Leesa, Rosemary and Susan's team enthusiasm will be remembered by all. Neil and Co's reffing from the bench and attempts to find Cole Harbour will also stay in everyone's mind.

We would like to say "Thanks" to Neil for his time and patience in coaching this year's team. It was appreciated by all.

Linda Barker
Captain

Senior Boys' Basketball



Back Row: Michael Stephens, Roger Baskett, John Beale, Colin Audain, Neil McCulloch, Matthew Oland, Andre Belcourt, Peter Thomas.

Front Row: Mark Wathen, Matthew O'Halloran, Patrick Oland, Danny Rees, Jonathan Meretsky.

Difficulty in finding a replacement coach for last year's Tommy Aves, caused a slow beginning for this year's team. But after the signing of our former teammate, Peter Nicholson (and friends) as coach, the ball began to bounce. With the help of two assistants, Peter quickly whipped us back into shape and put us, once again, into the race for the Provincial title. The addition of seven or eight players, who last year, played at the Junior level, has more than mitigated the loss of seventy-five percent of last year's team. The future looks hopeful as we make our way to the Provincials.

Neil McCulloch

Captain

Senior Running Club



Back Row: D'arcy Byrne, Andre Belcourt.
Front Row: Bridget Byrne, Al Davis, Danny Rees, Matthew O'Halloran.

The H.G.S. Senior Running Club had a small but strong team this season. Under the coaching of Sandy Pirie the club practised two to three times a week, and attended competitions in Dartmouth, Grovenor-Wentworth and Point Pleasant Park. In the Halifax Metro Regionals Bridget Byrne placed fifth to qualify for the Nova Scotia Provincial Cross-Country Running Championships. Other results included Matthew O'Halloran twelfth, followed closely by Danny Rees. However, it was disappointing as only three students participated in the Regionals and only two at the other competitions, even though as many as seven runners turned out for practice. Congratulations to Bridget and thank you very much Sandy Pirie for your time and effort.

Matthew O'Halloran

Junior Running Club



Back Row: Imogen Hall, Judy Halebsky, Trevor Greenwood, Kathleen Murphy, Jennifer Silverman, Matthew Thompson, Douglas Pennick, Tom Sheridan.

Front Row: Mr. Serebrin, Michael McDougall, Ben Moore, Tera Hurst, Emma Penick, Warren Auld, Ata Erdogan, Paul Murphy.

This is only the second year that the Prep School has competed in the Halifax City Schools' Cross-Country Run. In the regional competition the boys' team placed first and the girls' team was third. Members of the boys' team who advanced to the City finals were: Warren Auld, Ata Erdogan, Trevor Greenwood, Ben Moore, Michael McDougall, Paul Murphy, Douglas Penick, Tom Sheridan and Matthew E. Thompson. Douglas Penick, a Prep 5 student, placed second over-all in the city elementary championships for boys.

Girls' team members were Judy Halebsky, Imogen Hall, Tera Hurst, Kathleen Murphy, Emma Penick and Jennifer Sheridan.

Badminton Club



Back Row: Victor Bigio, Andre Belcourt, Michael Hopkins, Roger Porter, Edward Rees, Colin Bernard, Paul Bhattacharyya.
Front Row: Michael Kiang, Ken Schwartz, Jason Holt.

The 1985-86 H.G.S. Badminton club received a fairly enthusiastic response this year, especially from the Lower School. The club began in November, of 1985, and carried through until March, 1986. Playing sessions were held for about one and a half hours on Friday afternoons and this allowed for the participants to brush up on their badminton skills. Some of the players participated in games and matches, while others used their time to relax and play for fun. As usual, the annual Badminton Tournament took place at the end of the season, in order to ascertain the most skillful player. The club was moderately successful this year, and we hope to receive a more enthusiastic response next year.

Michael Hopkins



Sports Candid

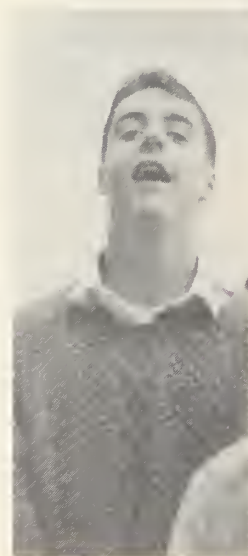




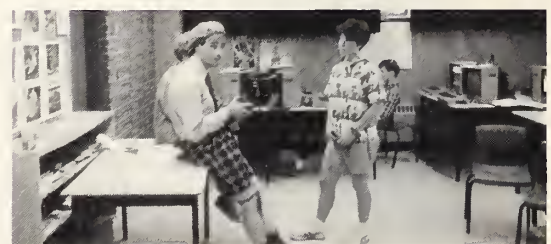
Special Events





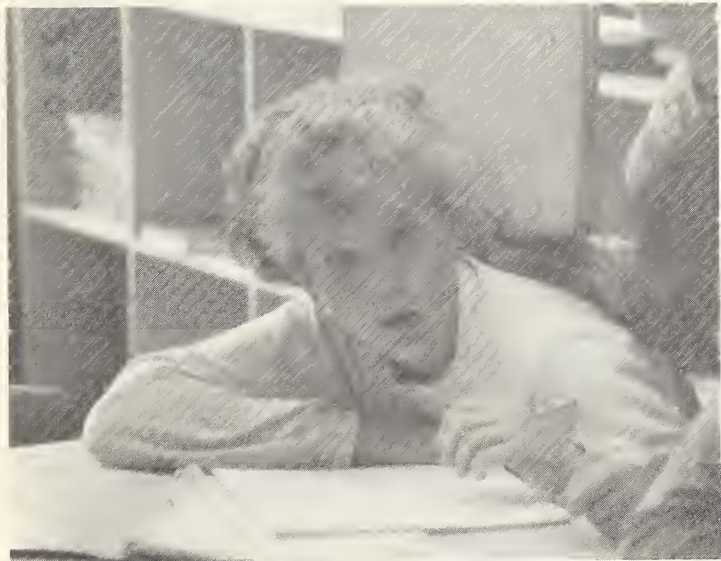
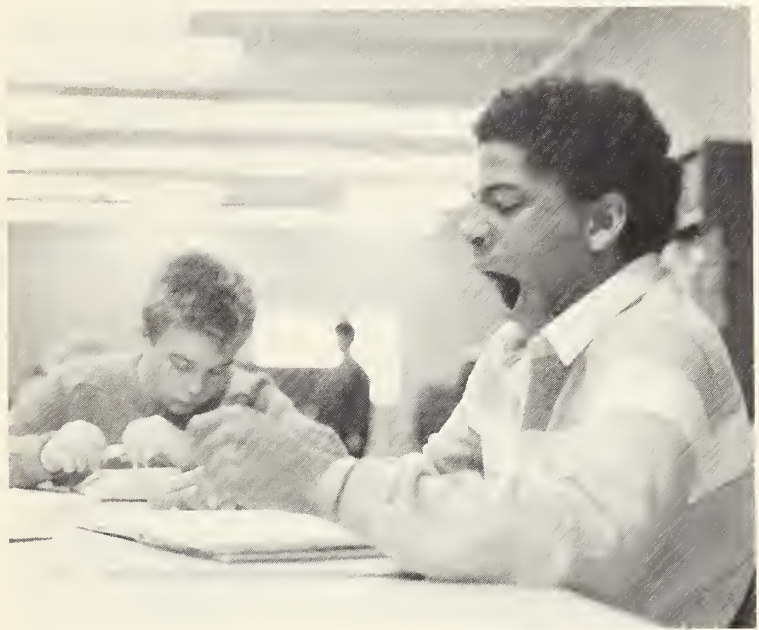


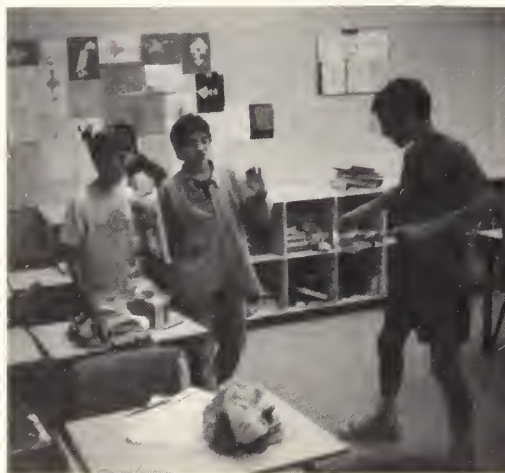
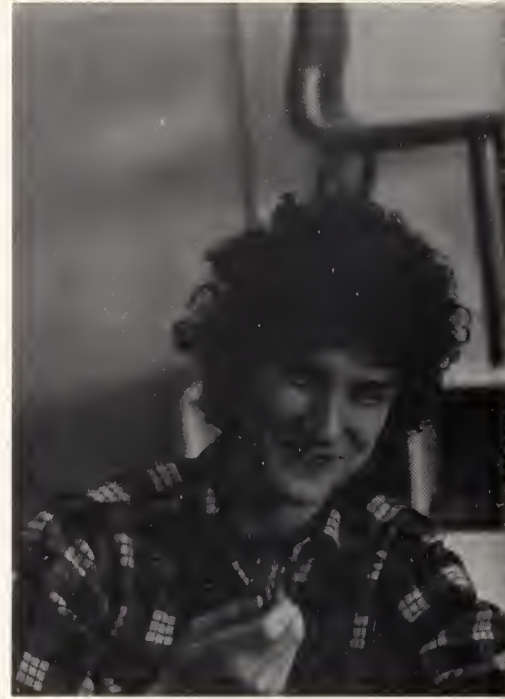


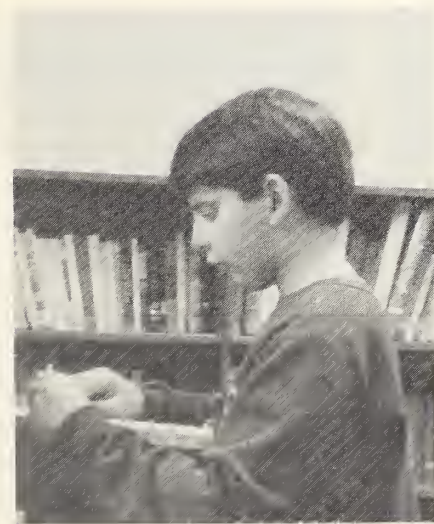
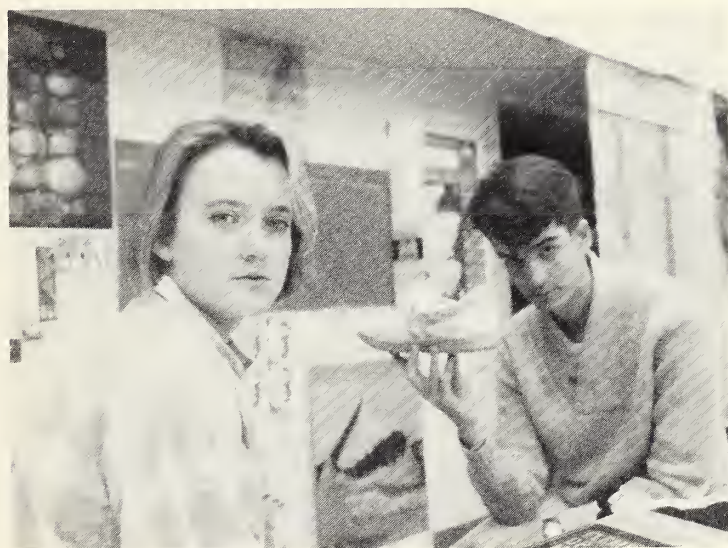
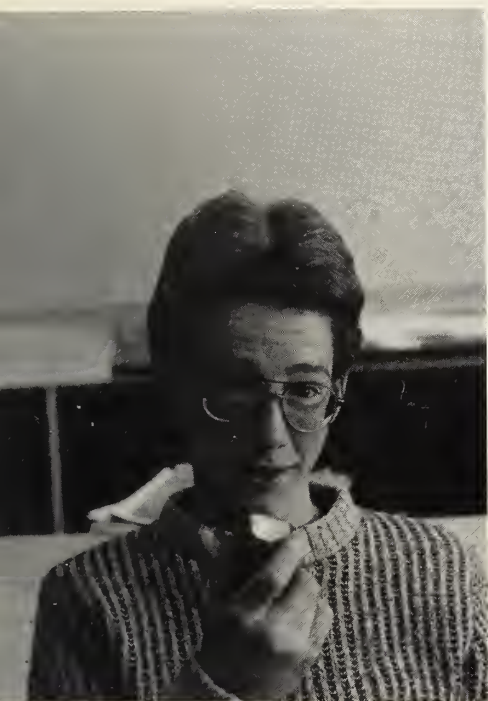


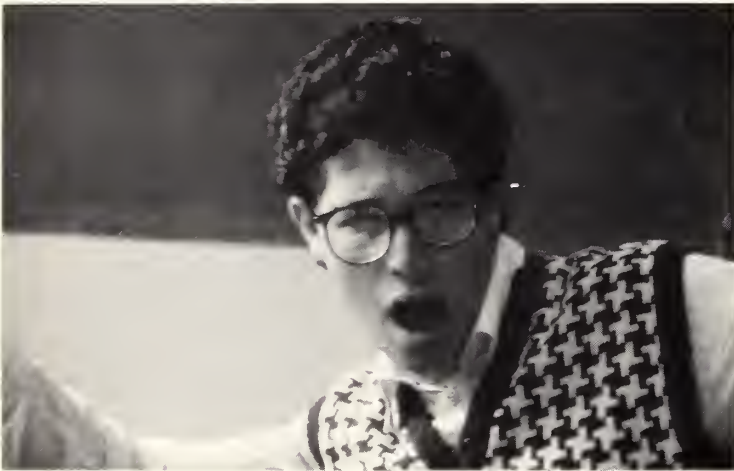
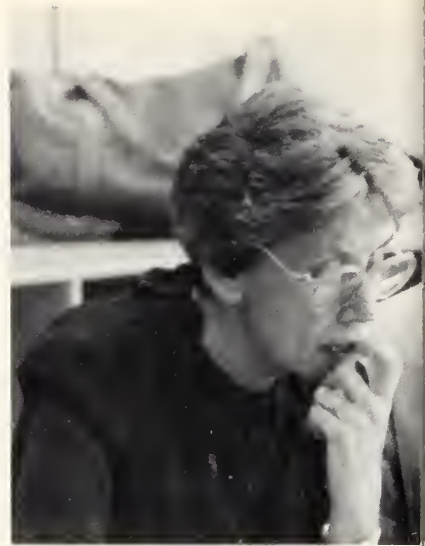


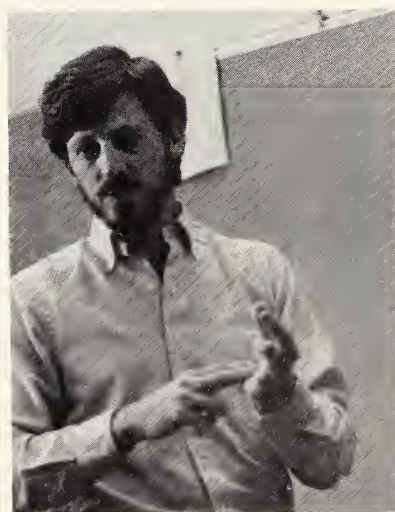
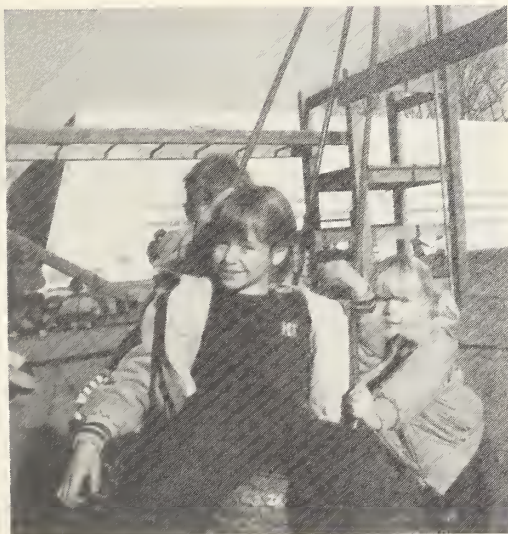
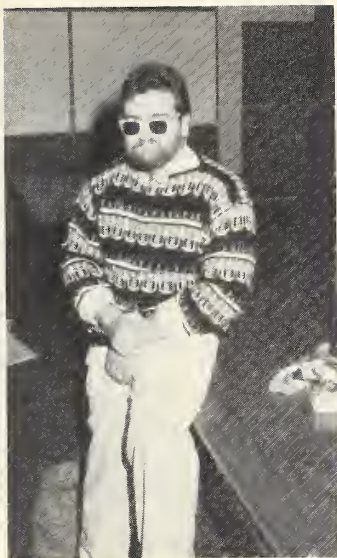




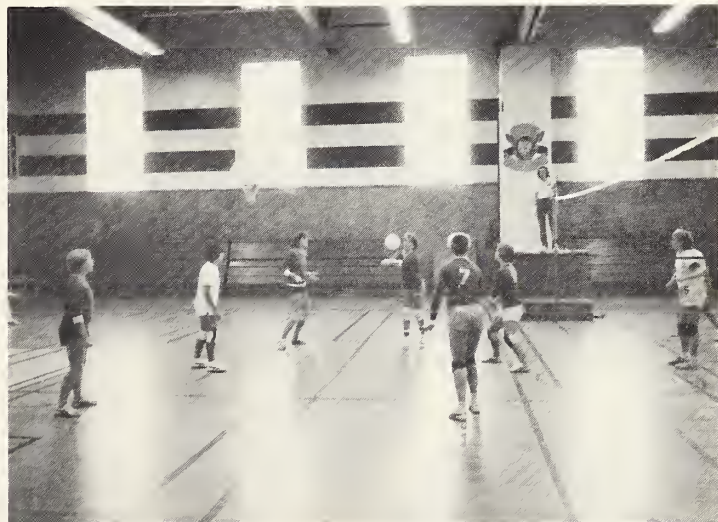












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Whatever?!



Well here we have it, the 1985-86 Grammarian. We hope that everyone will have as much fun reading this as we did putting it together. Thanks must go to Mrs. Chapman for her help in assembling the book and to all members of the yearbook staff.

The Editors.

Special thanks to Steve Zwerling and his studio for their photographic expertise.



